

The TATLER

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THE TATLER

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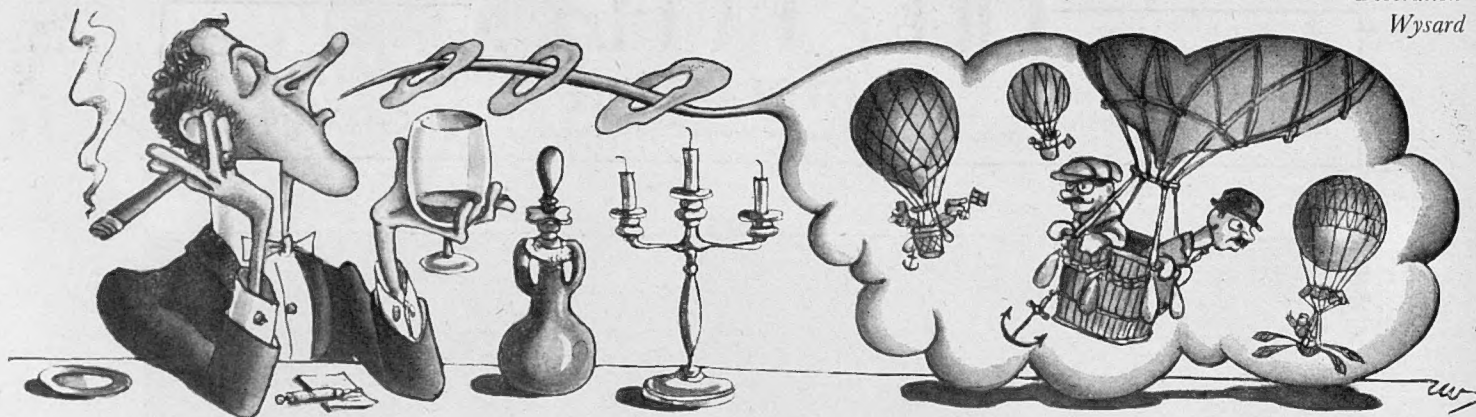


Yevonde

Engaged to be Married: The Hon. Felicity Wavell

The Hon. Felicity Anne Wavell is the second of Field Marshal Viscount and Viscountess Wavell's three daughters, and her engagement to Captain Peter Maitland Longmore, M.C., has recently been announced. Her fiancé is the youngest son of Air Chief Marshal Sir Arthur Longmore and Lady Longmore of Pipits Hill, Wentworth, Surrey. Miss Wavell was in India with her parents when her father was Commander-in-Chief there in 1941, previous to his becoming Supreme Commander in the South-West Pacific in 1942. When Lord Wavell returned to India as Governor-General and Viceroy she worked at G.H.Q. in Delhi. Her two sisters are the Hon. Mrs. A. F. W. Humphreys and the Hon. Mrs. Simon Astley. The wedding will probably take place in New Delhi in February

Decoration by
Wysard



Simon Harcourt-Smith

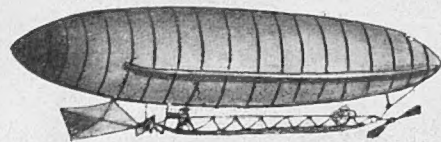
Portraits in Print

THE diorama now exhibited at the Science Museum of a balloon ascent by that strange and showy character, the actor Gale (who was killed near Bordeaux in 1850 when ballooning on horseback) evokes all the fantasy and extravagance attending the early days of flight. The dreams of Roger Bacon and of Leonardo da Vinci seemed likely to remain dreams for ever when suddenly in 1783 men mounted into the sky for the first time. The Montgolfier brothers, Joseph-Michel (1740-1812) and Jacques-Pierre (1745-1799) discovered and demonstrated the fire-balloon at Annonay, near Lyons, in June of that year. The following September they showed off their invention before the Court at Versailles, sending up a sheep, a cock and a duck. The only harm the creatures came to was a kick received by cock from sheep before the flight.

Meanwhile J. C. Charles had evolved and successfully flown a hydrogen balloon in the previous month. Pilâtre de Rozier (1756-85) was soon to make the first human flight; and next year England forgot all her controversies over the new Prime Minister, the youthful and slightly priggish William Pitt, to watch the Secretary of the Neapolitan Ambassador, a handsome young man called Vincente Lunardi, sail gracefully over London (September 15, 1784). George III even interrupted a Council to observe the balloon through his telescope.

Animal Aeronauts

LUNARDI travelled with a pigeon and a cat. The pigeon escaped from the balloon early on. The poor cat suffered so cruelly from the cold that Lunardi when he came down for a moment in Hertfordshire, had to leave her behind. From his portraits Lunardi would



seem to have been a generous creature, and no fool. But he cannot have known anything about cats, "Qui comme eux sont frileux, et comme eux sédentaires."

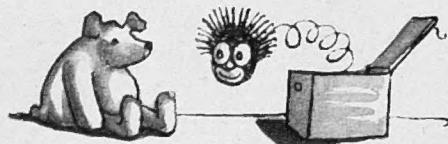
Then, Baudelaire really did understand cats. Baudelaire knew better than to take a cat

up in a balloon. My Neuf-neuf once travelled in an aeroplane, it is true, but the aeroplane was closed and she well wrapped up.

The animal most appropriate to flight is perhaps a horse. Horses do not seem to fear heights as they fear water, and there are numerous instances of horses remaining perfectly quiet in the air, ranging from the horse which was sent up from Ranelagh Gardens—in 1803, I think it was—in a despairing effort to rescue the fortunes of the establishment from the plight to which the rising power of Evangelism had reduced them: to the race-horses that flew the Atlantic the other day.

How beautiful the early balloons must have been, with their blue and red stripes, their golden suns! A few months ago I saw a captured German film, *The Adventures of Baron Munchausen*. Despite long passages Teutonically heavy and tiresome, it had passages of rare beauty, photographed in a German colour process which seemed to my eye much more satisfactory than any Technicolor I have ever seen. For me the most charming moment in the film was when Munchausen and his faithful valet escape from Venice in a Montgolfier balloon. It was as if a Guardi had come to life.

How sad it is the eighteenth century did



not discover the aeroplane! They would have given us a thing of beauty, instead of the lumbering, dun-coloured moths we fly in today. Occasionally I must admit one does see a plane that is not an eyesore. The pre-war de Havilland "Albatross" in which one flew to Paris, was wonderfully graceful. So was the "Mosquito" from the same firm; and the great American Republic Corporation have just brought out a new transport—the "Rainbow"—whose lines, to a lay eye, seem perfection. But the clumsiness of the war-time bombers, and of most transports in use today! Yet, I am told by experts that in general the better the lines of a given machine, the better it will fly.

I should, I suppose, have begun this article with a few words, at once rousing and

evocative, about Christmas. To be truthful I had forgotten all about it. That, I think, is a state of omission by no means peculiar to me this year. One made the best of Christmases during the war, however peculiar the circumstances of them, because one was sustained by the hope that after the war Christmas would become itself again. One took heart from last Christmas because it really seemed to give us a glimpse of returning



plenty and returning gaiety. But how can we seriously feel interest in Christmas this year, in an atmosphere of fresh denials and privations, together with the knowledge that millions of fellow creatures on the Continent and in India are faring much more miserably than we.

The smart shops offer us caviare at £10 the pound. Where are the Strasburg pâtés that used to fill one with a slightly bilious languor, and always brought tears by Boxing Day? Where for that matter are our turkeys?

The Toys of Yesteryear

AND toys for the children? Last Friday I went to market in my local town. An exquisite day for once; a steel blue sky, and a sunlight flashing so brilliantly on the roofs, an almost unbearable longing for Peking swept over me. The likeness to a Chinese street-scene was heightened by the clamour of the cheapjacks, calling tinted foliage in blue and silver and pale gold for Christmas decorations. But when it came to toys, the evocation was ended. The toys in the Lung Fu Ssu market at the New Year were of a beauty, an ingenuity and an elegance unsurpassed; and most of them were to be had for a few pence. But here under an English sky, the cheapjacks were auctioning daubed pieces of tin, crude and ugly and boring toys, for fifteen shillings, one pound, sometimes even two pounds ten. And the farmers' wives were buying them, and thinking themselves lucky!

How sorry I am for children today, how much I regret—in some ways—that my brats were not born early enough to know at least

a moment of luxury. My bowels are moved to compassion when I compare the miserable toys which are all we can find for them with the magnificent array that cluttered up my nursery. Clockwork crocodiles that advanced upon you horribly and twitching their tails, clowns with musical boxes inside them, mountain batteries with guns that could be assembled and really fired, Eiffel Towers and steam trains, and the agonizing moment when the methylated burner had nearly but not quite raised enough steam to make the thing go. The stout wooden boxes into which we put back our steam darlings, the shavings we laid them in as tenderly as any diamond goes back into satin bed!

Perhaps I was unusually favoured. The British Industries Fair was held during the 1914-18 war in the Victoria and Albert Museum, of which my father was Director. When the fair was over the toy exhibitors, rather than drag their samples back to the factories would often lavish them upon me. Never, for instance, will I forget the presents I received from the Meccano stand. Alas! that no similar windfall will come the way of the next generation!

Fog Stories

As I write, a drab blue light like water in old milk bottles announces another day—a day of fog, certainly, of frustration, in all probability. One of the worst inconveniences that come from the fastening of a black fog upon London are the boring stories of experiences in the fog to which one is forced to listen—stories almost as boring as blizzard stories. Calamities like being befogged at Hyde Park Corner, or having the ceiling blown down on you are only fit for narration in the manner of Thurber's *The Night the Ghost Got In*. The fact is, we have lost the art of talking interestingly about the weather.

I possess the most boring fog story in the world. I was once in a fog all the way from Udine to Padua—a distance of at least 150 miles, I suppose. About six o'clock in the morning, the engine of my beloved Austro-Daimler stalled on a level-crossing, and the starter jammed. I could hear something like a train approaching, my passenger upon whom I doted almost to folly was no longer speaking to me. I sat on the running board with tears welling into my bleared eyes when an access of rage took me. I shook my passenger, who immediately broke her silence; I kicked the starter, and the engine, as they say in thrillers, "sprang to life." The train was not coming in our direction anyway. This story, I feel, possesses a richness of anti-climax which qualifies it to figure in the memoirs of any Cabinet Minister.

The Sant' Elmo

A SEA-CAPTAIN told me a couple of nights ago a story of Cape Horn that haunts me. Sometime in the early eighteenth century a revolt broke out in Chile, then of course a Spanish colony. A galleon called the Sant' Elmo was dispatched from Spain with a punitive force. Lumbering round the Horn, it lost its bearings, ran into foul weather and collided with an iceberg. But far from letting the galleon sink, the ice closed around it. The crew abandoned ship, only the captain, one faithful sailor and a dog remaining on board. Nearly a century later a smart English tea clipper racing home from Canton sighted the iceberg with the galleon in its grasp. On board a landing party found two men in the clothes of the eighteenth century seated at a table in the captain's stateroom with the dog beside them. How long they had been dead was never known. But the cold had perfectly preserved them.



H.E. Sardar Mohammad Naim, the Afghanistan Minister

Swabe

AT THE COURT OF ST. JAMES'S

AMID the stillness that blesses Afghan territory a few yards beyond the restless highway from Hyde Park Corner to the west, a vigorous, slight man of great height may be heard casually annihilating with the aid of a grand piano the distance from Kabul, evoking melodies loved over the Khyber Pass.

The classical music is the composition of noted Ustad Qasim; the executant with sinuous, restless, delicate fingers is His Excellency the Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary of the King of Afghanistan to Great Britain, His Highness Sardar Mohammad Naim, jet black haired, poised, purposeful.

Son of Sardar Mohammad Aziz, brother of the late King of Afghanistan, the Minister arrived in London but five months ago with a series of records. Had he not been his country's Minister in Rome at twenty-eight? Did he not head the Ministry of Education for eight years? At forty he stepped into a Legation notable for its reputation for wisdom, courtesy and kindness, created in seven unprecedentedly difficult years by his predecessor in London, His Highness Sardar Ahmed Ali Khan.

ALREADY the new envoy is busy, with new resolve, to raise Anglo-Afghan relations to a scale demanded by peaceful conditions in the Middle East. Almost wholly mountainous, Afghanistan, which has been in treaty relations with us for nearly a century and a half, signed precisely twenty-five years ago a new agreement establishing Legations in London and in Kabul. Her ten million people, mostly Sunni Mohammedans, occupy a strategic "corner" twice the area of Great Britain between Persia on the west, Baluchistan in the south, the North-West Frontier of India on the east, and Russia on the north. Near the mighty Pamirs Pathan tribes are to be found, strongly influenced by Mullahs.

His Highness smiles as he recalls the sorrows of mathematics at the Kabul school attended by princes and commoners, Istiqlal. There he learnt fluent French, also Persian, played football, cricket, began riding and tennis.

After six years at the Foreign Office, he became Kabul's youngest Director of the Political Department, and could watch with comfort the manoeuvrings of the rival envoys in Kabul.

For two years he tasted high office abroad, as envoy to Mussolini. Then promotion to Foreign Under-Secretary. Next, a seat in the Cabinet as Minister in charge of education. His Highness's eyes flash with undisguised pleasure as he refers to the progress of Afghanistan's primary schools, the extension of facilities for higher education, the provision of colleges for teachers, the establishment of faculties for literature, science and law in the University of Kabul opened by him this year.

This modest man also led the nation's battle against illiteracy, reduced the percentage from eighty to seventy, encouraged the many enthusiasts to form classes among civilians and soldiers alike. In addition, he found time several days a week to act as Special Assistant to the (former) Prime Minister.

In Britain the Minister has not yet ridden, nor hunted, nor played tennis, but he has strengthened his command of sound, grammatically flawless English, by reading history and biography.

THE mission's purpose? The envoy wishes to restore trading relations wholly severed during the war. Afghanistan wishes to buy ten million pounds sterling's worth of machinery for sugar factories, hydro-electric plant, textile factories, and to send in return her celebrated carpets, fruits, Persian lamb skins, raw materials. She needs credits, too, for ten years. The Afghan Trade Mission is here, studying the situation under the Minister's active guidance and encouragement.

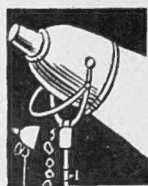
His solemn, widely-set eyes relax completely as he mentions the progress at English of Aziz Naim, aged ten and a half and Zarmina, aged eight, the two children born to Her Highness Zora Naim, sister of the ruling King of Afghanistan. Steady phrases and diffidence aptly convey the faith of a "practising but not fanatical Moslem," and bring near the magic of the far-off mountains with eternal white peaks that guard the approaches to the Land of the Pushtus.

George Bilainkin.

JAMES AGATE

At The Pictures

"Great Expectations"



WITH the reader's leave I shall divide consideration of the important *Great Expectations* (Gaumont) into two parts. The first thing I want to decide—not for you, reader, but for myself—is whether the novels of Dickens can be filmed at all. Here two points arise, as Dr. Joad might say: (1) What do you mean by the novels of Dickens? (2) For whom is the film intended? For Dickensians, or for people who are making first acquaintance with the greatest of all English novelists? Here let me assert my belief that ninety-five per cent of film-goers have never opened a novel of Dickens in their life.

BROADLY speaking, the novels of the master can be divided into (a) the plot and (b) the embellishments. In other words, into (a) the leg of mutton and (b) "the usual trimmings." Now my interest as a life-long, ardent, fervid Dickensian is entirely in the trimmings. I care nothing at all about any of the plots. And if ever I edit a "Shorter Version" of Dickens, I shall leave them out entirely. Here is a list of the people who fascinate me in the first English volume of Balzac's *Human Comedy*. Joseph Smiggers, Esq., P.V.P.M.P.C., who felt it his imperative duty to demand of the honourable gentleman, whether he had used the expression which had just escaped him in a common sense. The Cabman who drove Mr. Pickwick from St. Martin's-le-Grand to the Golden Cross: "Only a bob's worth, Tommy," cried the driver sulkily, for the information of his friend the waterman, as the cab drove off." Mr. Nupkins, Mrs. Nupkins, Miss Nupkins, and their dear friends the Porkenhams, including that dashing fellow and matrimonial catch Mr. Sidney Porkenham, the Griggses, and the Slummintowkens. Mrs. Bardell, Mrs. Rogers, and Mrs. Raddle who, as all the world knows, was Mrs. Cluppins's sister. Mrs. Mudberry which kept a mangle, and Mrs. Bunkin which clear-starched. Mrs. Leo Hunter, Mrs. Pott, Rachel Wardle, Miss Witherfield.

I sigh for the characters at that card table—Lady Snuphanuph, Mrs. Colonel Wugsby, Miss Bolo. The Pot-boy, the Muffin Youth, and the Baked-potato Man. The large-headed Young Man in a black wig, who brought with him to Bob Sawyer's party a Scorbutic Youth in a long stock. The Gentleman at the same party who wore a shirt emblazoned

with pink anchors. The Pale Youth of the plated watchguard. The Prim Man in the cloth boots who had forgotten his anecdote but hoped he should manage to recollect it in the course of half an hour or so. But what film of *Pickwick* is going to give me these characters and the things Dickens tells us about them, which is what matters?

Now let us turn to *Great Expectations*. Does any Dickensian care tuppence about the convict, Magwitch, or what he was convicted of, or how he came to escape? Is any Dickensian remotely interested in Compeyson or Jaggers? Yet these characters and the incidents in which they are involved must obviously be the stuff of any film about this book.

Has any Dickensian ever been known to care anything at all about unhinged Miss Havisham and her mouldy wedding breakfast? Yet I can see any and every film director having enormous fun with those spiders' webs, on the lines of the pantomime producer's notion of the *Sleeping Beauty*. As a Dickensian I want to see a shot of the outside of Wemmick's castle with the real flag-staff, the real drawbridge and portcullis, and that piece of ordnance which was a Stinger mounted in a lattice-work fortress and protected from the weather by an ingenious tarpaulin contrivance of the nature of an umbrella. With the castle goes the Aged One, and Wemmick's fiancée, that Miss Skiffins of wooden appearance who washed up the tea-things "in a trifling lady-like amateur manner that compromised none of us."

And next I must have Mr. Wopsle's Hamlet, preferably the scene in the churchyard "which had the appearance of a primeval forest, with a kind of small ecclesiastical wash-house on one side and a turn-pike gate on the other." And at least two minutes of Mr. Walden-garver saying to Pip: "You must have observed, gentlemen, an ignorant and a blatant ass, with a rasping throat and a countenance expressive of low malignity, who went through—I will not say sustained—the rôle (if I may use a French expression) of Claudius, King of Denmark!" And, of course, Trabb's boy.

HERE, if in any one character, Dickens put the whole of himself. Listen to Chesterton

on this young man who fills not more than a couple of pages:

"It is the real unconquerable rush and energy in a character which was the supreme and quite indescribable greatness of Dickens. He conquered by rushes; he attacked in masses; he carried things at the spear point in a charge of spears; he was the Rupert of Fiction. The point about any figure of Dickens, about Sam Weller or Dick Swiveller, or Micawber, or Bagstock, or Trabb's boy—the thing about each one of these persons is that he cannot be exhausted. A Dickens character hits you first on the nose, and then in the waistcoat, and then in the eye, and then in the waistcoat again, with the blinding rapidity of some battering engine. The scene in which Trabb's boy continually overtakes Pip in order to reel and stagger as at a first encounter is a thing quite within the real competence of such a character; it might have been suggested by Thackeray, or George Eliot, or any realist. But the point with Dickens is that there is a rush in the boy's rushings; the writer and the reader rush with him. They start with him, they stare with him, they stagger with him, they share an inexpressible vitality in the air which emanates from this violent and capering satirist. Trabb's boy is among other things a boy; he has a physical rapture in hurling himself like a boomerang and in bouncing to the sky like a ball.

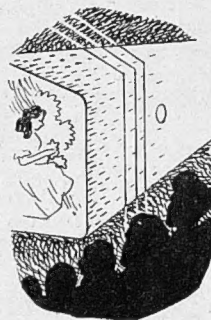
How is any film to do justice to *Great Expectations* which omits that character into which Dickens put his quintessential self? What can

Dickensians do but moan at the absence of Trabb's boy strutting along the pavement attended by his delighted friends, "pulling up his shirt-collar, twining his side-hair, sticking an arm akimbo, smirking extravagantly by, while wriggling his elbows and body, and drawling to his attendants, 'Don't know yah, don't know yah, 'pon my soul don't know yah!'"

What is a film to make of a Joe Gargery who is not allowed to give us the benefit of his remarks on architecture? And last, what is

a film to make of Pip, who is very nearly as much of a lay figure as David Copperfield, and of Estella who has no existence at all?

No. I say firmly that *Great Expectations* cannot be filmed. And I say with equal firmness that the picture at the Gaumont shows it to have been filmed magnificently. In what way this magnificence has been achieved must be reserved for a second article.



"... Story by
Charles Dickens"

The long-awaited film of the Dickens novel *Great Expectations* had its première on the 16th of this month. It has been universally said that the producers have kept most faithfully to the facts and atmosphere of the book. The film has been thoughtfully cast, and John Mills as the older Pip, Valerie Hobson as the heartless Estella, and Martita Hunt as the eccentric Miss Havisham are first-rate. Other fine supporting performances come from Bernard Miles as Joe Gargery, and Finlay Currie as the terrifying but essentially human convict Magwitch. The film is produced by Ronald Neame and directed by David Lean with Anthony Havelock-Allan as executive producer. In the photograph Pip is seen taking farewell of Joe Gargery and Biddy (Eileen Erskine) before going to London



The Theatre

"Pictures in the Fire" (Theatre Royal, Armchair)

IF, for a few minutes before the others come down for drinks, you toast your toes before a seasonable fire and reflect upon a year's playgoing, what does it all come to? Has it been worth the time and the expense and the brutal decisions to do without dinner once again? What has lodged itself affectionately in your memory? To whom, after all, do you owe the most pleasure—actors, managers or authors?

Ten to one, I fancy, the most spontaneous of the pictures that may form in the fire will have little or no relation to good drama or bad. Few scenes and no plays get themselves remembered as a whole, though a possible exception this year is the scene in which Miss Coral Browne sets out with gay perversity to cure a boy of his passion by admitting him to the mysteries of her toilette. Here, neither Mr. Somerset Maugham nor Miss Browne sets a foot wrong; and the whole delicious process of disillusionment enters the memory whole. However that may be, it is usually the actor who, by a sudden, sharply expressive movement or some surprising avoidance of action at a critical moment in the drama, is found etched unforgettably on the mind.

THERE is no particular reason for remembering a rather poor play of murder called *Portrait in Black*; yet there in the fire is

"Tatler's" dramatic critic, Anthony Cookman and artist Tom Titt review some outstanding productions and performances of a year during which the London theatre has been rapidly recovering from its war-time handicaps



Patricia Burke surveys gadding husbands with an entomologist's eye in "Clutterbuck" (Wyndhams)



Claire Luce gave memorable performances in parts as different as Katherine the Shrew, Mary Queen of Scots and Becky Sharp in "Vanity Fair" (Comedy)



Frederick Valk held audiences frozen with his outbursts of rage and tears in "The Brothers Karamazov" at the Lyric, Hammersmith

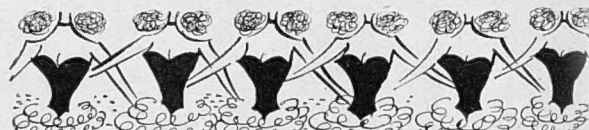


Terence de Marney and Michael Hordern explored the borders of physical and psychological horror in "Dear Murderer" at the Aldwych, in a remarkable scene of sadistic nonchalance and craven fear



In brief

THE "TATLER" THEATRE GUIDE



Straight Plays

And No Birds Sing (Aldwych). A comedy with Elizabeth Allan playing a woman doctor with very progressive ideas and Harold Warrender as the man who loves her in spite of them.

Grand National Night (Apollo). Leslie Banks is a pleasant murderer who has the audience on his side, and Hermione Baddeley is in dual character roles. Good acting in a well-knit play.

Vanity Fair (Comedy). Claire Luce superb as Thackeray's attractive and mercenary heroine, with Victoria Hopper as Amelia.

The Guinea Pig (Criterion). Humour and serious thought based on the Fleming Report on public schools. Excellent acting in a first-rate play.

Message for Margaret (Duchess). Emotion and conflict between the wife and the mistress of a dead man, with Flora Robson giving one of the best performances of her career.

Fools Rush In (Fortune). Derek Farr, Glynis Johns and Joyce Barbour in another very entertaining story of the *Quiet Wedding* type.

Lady Windermere's Fan (Haymarket). Dorothy Hyson, Isabel Jeans and Athene Seyler, in a revival of Oscar Wilde's comedy of manners. A decorative entertainment.

Caste (Lyric, Hammersmith). Beautifully acted and produced revival of the comedy-drama of T. W.

Robertson originally presented in 1867. Story is about the result of marriage between the stage and the aristocracy.

The Winslow Boy (Lyric). Terence Rattigan's fine play on the Archer-Shee case with Angela Baddeley, Frank Cellier and Alan Webb.

The Old Vic Theatre Company (New) in *King Lear*, *Cyrano de Bergerac*, and *An Inspector Calls*, with Laurence Olivier, Ralph Richardson, Pamela Brown and Alec Guinness.

Lady Frederick (Savoy). Coral Browne as that charming adventuress, Lady Frederick Berolles, in a revival of Somerset Maugham's first stage success. **But For The Grace Of God** (St. James's). Epigrammatic Lonsdale wit by A. E. Matthews and Mary Jerrold, and murder and manly reticence by Hugh McDermott and Robert Douglas.

The Shop At Sly Corner (St. Martin's). Good thriller with a surprise ending and some first-rate character acting from Arthur Young.

Fifty-Fifty (Strand). A farce about a factory run by the workers in the form of the House of Commons, with Harry Green and Frank Pettingel.

The Poltergeist (Vaudeville). Comedy thriller. Gordon Harker does some violent ghost-laying with hilarious consequences.

No Room At The Inn (Winter Garden). Freda Jackson as a sadistic woman in charge of evacuees. Powerful acting in a powerful play.

Clutterbuck (Wyndham's). Ronald Ward, Nauntton Wayne, Patricia Burke and Constance Cummings on a cruise which ends in amusing complications.

With Music

Perchance to Dream (Hippodrome). Music and romance in the Novello manner with Ivor Novello and Roma Beaumont.

Song of Norway (Palace). Operetta on the life and music of Grieg; not authentic but colourful. Fine singing by John Hargreaves, Janet Hamilton-Smith and others.

Under The Counter (Phoenix). Cicely Courtneidge blithely dealing in the Black Market, ably assisted by Hartley Power and Thorley Walters.

The Shepherd Show (Princes). Richard Hearne, Eddie Gray, Douglas Byng, Arthur Riscoe and Marie Burke as the leading lights.

Christmas Shows

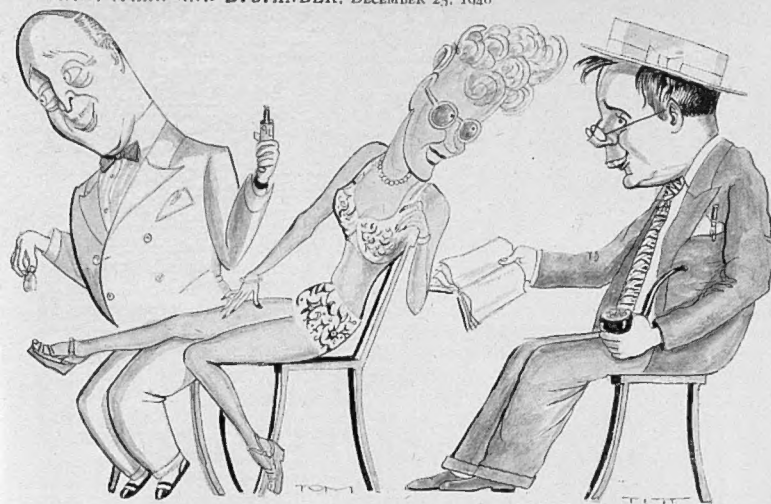
Little Red Riding Hood (Adelphi). Nervo and Knox. **Mother Goose** (Casino). Stanley Holloway, Celia Lipton.

Sim-Sala-Bim (Garrick). Dante in magic wonder revue.

Cinderella (Players Theatre).

Peter Pan (Scala). Mary Morris as Peter, Alastair Sim as Captain Hook.

Hey Presto (Westminster). Jasper Maskelyne in magic old and new.



Basil Radford, Lalage Lewis and Naunton Wayne
bringing sunny Mediterranean dalliance to a fine art, also in
"Clutterbuck"

Miss Diana Wynyard, enveloping the various murderess's hates of a shopowner's widow in her own personal stillness and beauty. There also is Mr. Richard Hearne in an ecstasy of senile consternation because he has tripped over his own finger, which is mysteriously stuck fast in the stage. Suddenly, up pops Mr. Frederick Valk pouring, with endless vitality, the vulgarity of old Karamazov over the saintly Father Zossima of Mr. Ernest Milton, and beside them on the Hammersmith stage is the brilliantly agonizing figure of Mr. Alec Guinness as the dissolute Mitya.

By what sort of mental transition does the figure of Mr. Sid Field next appear? He is wearing the Black Market jacket of the successful "spiv" and is threatening with immense shoulder movements some luckless "stooge" who has laughed in the wrong place. Such random recollections do not, perhaps, tell us much about the year's characteristic colour and manner. They and a myriad others are part of it and not to be dismissed as irrelevant, but if we are clearly to mark the difference between this year's theatre and the last, we must wait for a sight of Mr. Laurence Olivier entering with the air of a tyrannical humorist to divide Lear's kingdom among his daughters.

Nor for many a long year has Lear been played as Olivier is still playing it, and never before, I think, has that opening scene been made completely plausible. It has been Olivier's year, though there was genuine distinction both in Mr. Ralph Richardson's fantastic Cyrano and his celestial detective withering with subcelestial but still formidable scorn Mr. Priestley's purse-proud manufacturing family.

Olivier's year, yes, but it has also been an actors' year. The

Tessie O'Shea and Nat Jackley
provide high and broad comedy in "High Time"
(Palladium)



managers have continued to please their patrons by staging revivals. They have done it handsomely, and the plays they have chosen have been rich in actors' opportunities.

The proof of how well they have attended to the business of entertainment, is the extraordinary length of the runs. For drama itself, they have done little or nothing. For new work we have had to look to Swiss Cottage, Notting Hill Gate, Westbourne Grove and Kew. Rather sad this; yet, looking back, how much there has been to enjoy.

ANTHONY COOKMAN

BACKSTAGE

with *Beaumont Kent*

GOING ahead with his plans for restoring the long Gderelict Gaiety Theatre to its former glory as the leading home of musical comedy in London. Lupino Lane has already begun work on the necessary renovations of the interior which has remained empty since the outbreak of the war. The theatre has been shut since the end of the run of *Running Riot* in February, 1939. It is not so old as theatres go, for it dates no further back than *The Toreador* at the beginning of the century.

As one of the famous Lupino Lane family has long cherished the ambition to reopen the theatre which, before the war threw Strand improvements into the melting pot, was scheduled for demolition, I am glad it has been saved from that fate for, tradition apart, it is a fine piece of theatrical architecture.

"Friends have rallied round me," he told me, "and I hope it may be possible to reopen the Gaiety early in the New Year. I want to make it once more the home of fun and frolic in accord with the best of the George Edwardes kind.

"But," he added, "this doesn't mean that I shall desert the Victoria Palace. That, after all, is my real home."

This is good hearing. *Sweetheart Mine*, the current show is, in fact, doing some of the best business in London and at present looks like equalling the record of 1,000 performances or so of *Me and My Girl*.

AMONG the new plays awaiting West End production early next year is *The Play's the Thing* in which Clive Brook, last seen in *The Years Between* at Wyndham's, will make his reappearance. This English version of the comedy by the Hungarian author, Ferenc Molnar, has been well received on tour, but it is still awaiting a suitable London home.

Clive Brook is wondering whether it will be found before his pretty daughter, Faith, makes her London reappearance. After a war-time spell in *Stars in Baited Dress*, and with the Old Vic company at Bristol, she will be seen in Henry Sherek's forthcoming production of *Truant in Park Lane*. Later on the Brook contribution to the stage is likely to be augmented by Clive's son, Lyndon, now an undergraduate at Cambridge. He will be coming down next June and is adopting the stage as a career.

He is not without experience, for during the summer vacation he played a score of parts with the Bexhill Repertory Company and recently distinguished himself in the Footlights' production of Gorki's *The Lower Depths*.

THE New Lindsay Theatre, which discovered *Pick-up Girl*, is adding to its achievements, for in January Eugenie Leontovich is coming over to play the leading role in *Caviar to the General* at this little house.

Miss Leontovich who, with George S. George is part-author of the play, has not acted in this country

since she starred in *Tovarich* and *Antony and Cleopatra* ten years ago. Hearing that plays were queuing up in the provinces for London production she decided that the quickest way to the West End was via one of our little homes of the drama.

LIKE many lovers of old-time pantomime I miss the Harlequinade of which I have fond boyhood memories. It was retained in an attenuated form in the Lyceum productions, but since that house closed it has vanished entirely from London.

However, I hope to permit myself the joy of renewing acquaintance with the ancient institution by visiting the Theatre Royal, Stratford, for David Horne has had the bright idea of reviving it as an afterpiece to his Christmas production of *Vice Versa*. He is playing the Clown himself. This may sound odd for an actor who has been playing such dignified parts as Aubrey Tanqueray in the *Pinero* piece, but he has excellent precedent.

Edmund Kean was a fine Harlequin in his time and there is good authority for asserting that Irving took part in the rough-and-tumble of the Harlequinade in his early provincial days. Besides which, Joseph Grimaldi, foremost of all Clowns, ranks as one of the great figures in the history of the British drama. There could hardly be a more suitable place for a revival of the Harlequinade than the Stratford theatre which dates from late Victorian times.

Self-Profile

Anne Crawford by *Anne Crawford*

"WHAT a strange child you are!" was her father's verdict; and who, unless it be herself, should know her better than her father?

"A strange child!" Four-year-old Imelda Crawford had been missing at bed-time and her parents had started an anxious search, for Palestine early in nineteen-twenty was no place for a tiny girl to be missing. Her father finally found her in a coppice on the slopes of Mount Carmel—dancing alone among the evening shadows, sublimely happy. That strange liking for creeping off alone is a side of her character which still crops up today.

By nature she was and is a quiet person, given to introspection, content to retire to an imaginary world of her own; yet at the same time loving people and loving animals. In those days in sunny Haifa she was often to be found with a crowd of delighted Arabs, laying down the law to them in their own tongue. To them she was something of a curiosity—the first British baby to be born in their midst—and unashamedly she enjoyed their mild worship. Arabic and modern Hebrew were two of the six languages she was able to speak.

CAPTAIN CRAWFORD, an Edinburgh Scot, was the first Paymaster of the Palestine Railways under the British administration. Outside his work (which must always come first with a Scot!) his besetting interest was music for which he had a real talent. At her christening his baby daughter was given the rare name of Imelda after his music teacher, a niece of Strauss.

Mrs. Crawford had her interest in the arts, too, although in Palestine the outward expression of it was limited to acting with the Jerusalem Red Cross Society. The biggest thrills of the year for Imelda were when she was taken to see her mother on the stage.

From her parents, by heredity or training, the child gained much. A liking for the arts, clearly. Tolerance—a common British trait in Palestine for the last quarter century. Friendliness to all people, helped immeasurably, she believes, by her knowledge of languages that allows her to talk comfortably with everyone she meets in their mother tongue. Sincerity, which is closely related. A real liking for work and ability to apply herself to it with constant diligence.

Of prejudices she had but two, and she has them still: a keen dislike of the wealth of insect life in which Palestine abounded, and an even greater dislike of arithmetic.

When the Crawford family returned to Edinburgh and Imelda went to St. Margaret's Convent it was not gladly that she exchanged the sometimes very irregular verbs of her Near-Eastern languages for a diet of vulgar fractions and the dreary saga of the English successions. For a while it seemed that the curriculum would triumph over the vagrant spirit of the Hebron Vale and she would become the well-informed little English lady so beloved of educationalists. Not for long, however,

did the course of true learning run smooth. The ten-year-old startled her teachers and parents by not only writing a play called *The Witch and The Dream Fairies*, but undertaking, too, its production. In some homes this precocious revelation of dramatic sense would have caused consternation, but the wise Crawfords, ruffled though they may have been, determined to co-operate. Mother lent a hand with wardrobe matters. Father composed incidental music. And Imelda took the bows at the close of a first night that was an unqualified success.

THIS, then, was the childhood background of the girl who became an actress and whom the films labelled Anne. If it has been outlined at some length it is because I think that anything she has achieved in her career and any further success that may come to her as an actress, can be traced directly to home influence in her very early days.

The Witch and the Dream Fairies satisfied Anne's parents (she wasn't known as Anne till many years later, but let's call her Anne—it's easier) that she would be an actress and could be an actress. So they concurred that she should be an actress.

So, in the course of time, the R.A.D.A. received a nervous but dreadfully determined young pupil with a few elocution prizes to her credit. Oddly, she found the training very difficult indeed. She worked terribly hard, only to be told by her producer that her Rosalind was awful and it was apparent she hadn't worked. Tears and even longer hours of study in the solitude of her digs resulted in an excited report from that same producer—Winifred Oughton—who said the improvement was almost a hundred per cent. That lesson, that you can never put in too much time on the study of a role, is one Anne has never forgotten.

R.A.D.A. was followed by the harder school of Repertory, at Manchester first and then at York, and she found that a successful actress needs not only ability but a great store of stamina. She was relieved to find that no matter what happened she always seemed able to find just enough to get through the show. Both good lessons, though the latter one can be dangerous to anyone not physically of the strongest. After making *The Crowthers of Bankdam* for Walter Forde recently she was to have sailed in the Queen Elizabeth to visit her father's sister in America, but the doctors said No—too tired for a trip which could not help but be hectic.

ANNE CRAWFORD came to films through the persistent urging of the late Leslie Howard's sister, Irene, who saw her in York Repertory, and Eric L'Epine Smith the then casting director for Warners' British Studios. Would all her hard work and all her parents' help be justified? A small part in *They Flew Alone* was to be her beginning. Could she make it stand out? Apparently she did, for she was rewarded with a contract for starring parts in six pictures. Gainsborough borrowed her from Warners and then signed her on a contract which brings us almost to today.

The Crowthers of Bankdam is her twelfth film. Every week now more than 3,000 letters arrive from picturegoers all over the world, letters of advice, criticism, praise, flattery, and requests for photographs. Gratifying indeed, but a responsibility not unlike that when a hostess constantly has the same people to dinner—what can she give them next?

TOO often in the past, until her Cinderella-like role in *The Crowthers*, she was called on to play sophisticated, frightfully "up-stage" young women. Apparently she made some success of them—but they are not *her*, and she feels a sense of frustration when playing or offered such parts that bear so little resemblance to what she imagines is the entertaining aspect of herself, an aspect which was seen on the stage in happy-go-lucky, irresponsible roles.

But Anne, though possibly a potential rebel, is a Scot; and her inherent caution asserts itself, notes the 3,000 weekly letters from "fans," and warns her that the vast film public may not like to see her as she sees herself. Her dearest dream is to get a role in which she can let her hair down and shed her poise, sophistication and wonderful hair-dos. But the question is not whether she is tired of playing self-possessed, self-controlled young women, but whether the public is tired of seeing her play them.

The screen demands a close relationship between the character and the player, as the camera enlarges anything unreal to a greater degree than the stage. That is why after a succession of cold, haughty characterizations Anne joyously accepted the stage role of *La Parisienne*, which released all the lightness and gaiety which successive films had forced her to bottle up.

ALWAYS the Scot, Anne loves simple things and detests idleness to a point of trying to accomplish too many and varied things. Film making she finds a perfectly acceptable medium for her work (she does not concern herself with the argument as to whether it is art form or commercial product), and frequently it gives her opportunity wholeheartedly to express herself outside that work. She writes a little poetry, tries to write plays, is as keen an amateur carpenter as you will find in a legion of women, likes designing things about the house. And she likes throwing the parties that fit the world's idea of a wildly busy woman. Sports? Riding, skating, yachting and watching one of her greyhounds win from Trap Two.

And in those introspective moments when she retires to the dream world of her own? There's so much to do. Acting, of course, in really crazy comedy. Having a large family. Travelling all over the world. And generally being such a very busy body that she hopes her health will allow its all being crammed in. Otherwise she might eventually succumb to the temptation to sneak away in earnest and grow into a very lazy old lady.



With her mother, on board ship



In an early party frock



Nineteen—the student of acting

Lenare



Walter Bird

Anne Crawford as
She is Now

Anne Crawford is rapidly becoming one of the leading actresses in British films. She recently finished making *The Crowthers of Bankdam* with Tom Walls, in which she starts off as a mill lass and ends up as a grandmother. She is a versatile actress, and two of her earliest parts were those of the spoilt Society girls in *2000 Women* and *Millions Like Us*. In both these films she gave delightful light-comedy performances. She is under contract to Gainsborough, and has recently appeared in *They Were Sisters*, *Caravan* and *Bedelia*. Other films she has appeared in include *Night Invader*, *The Dark Tower*, *Headline*, and *The Hundred-Pound Window*.

The Anglo-Brazilian Society's Ball



Mr. C. Wilson, Mrs. Cameron, M. Hugo Gouthier, Sir Hugh Gurney, who is a former Ambassador to Brazil, and Mrs. C. Wilson



Miss Denise Lloyd dancing with Señor Francisco de Aragao, son of the Brazilian Ambassador. The ball was held at the Dorchester



Lady Effie Millington-Drake, Sir Joseph Napier, Bt., Lady Wakefield, wife of Sir Wavell Wakefield, M.P., and Mr. J. Platt



Captain and Mrs. Colville, Major A. A. Sidney Villar, the Misses Wilson, Joint-Masters of the Cotswold, Mrs. Reynolds and Major Reynolds

A West-Country Occasion

The Cotswold Hunt Ball at Cheltenham.



Lady Sibell Rowley, sister of Earl Beauchamp, with Lord St. Aldwyn



Mr. Mews, Major Peter Herbert, the well-known G.R., Captain Colville and Mrs. Colville



Miss Eleanor Allen, Captain P. F. Barry, Miss Beryl Wakefield, Mr. and Mrs. Gregory Phillips and Wing-Commander H. Jenkins



Dancers on the crowded floor at the Plough Hotel

Dennis Moss



A pause in the dancing during the very successful event held at the Guildhall, Winchester

For the Red Cross

Ball at Winchester



Mr. Peter Adams, Miss Helen O'Loughlan, Mr. Graham Parbury and Mrs. Peter Adams



The Earl and Countess of Normanton talking to Mr. F. S. Faber, the High Sheriff of Hampshire



Major R. C. Mansell, Miss M. North, Commander North, Mrs. P. P. Curtis and Colonel R. H. Walsh



Miss E. Pilkington, Mrs. F. S. Faber, wife of the High Sheriff of Hampshire, Miss E. Balfour and the Countess of Malmesbury



Bassano

Mrs. Denis Alexander is the wife of Major Denis Alexander, Irish Guards, and the only daughter of Viscountess Kemsley. Her husband is the son of Lieut.-Colonel the Hon. Herbrand Alexander, brother of the Earl of Caledon, and of Field-Marshal Viscount Alexander



At the Red Cross Ball at the Dorchester

In Mrs. Arthur Fawcus's party were Prince Michæl Obolensky, Miss Venetia Fawcus, Major Michael Worthington, Mrs. Arthur Fawcus, who was on the committee, Mr. A. H. Mackenzie, Miss Jean Tollemache and Lieut. T. Fane

Jennifer writes

HER SOCIAL JOURNAL

NEITHER the tenth anniversary of the Accession, nor the more personal event of the fifty-first anniversary of His Majesty's birth, which fell this year on a Saturday, was marked by special celebrations, apart from a small family dinner-party and dance planned for the birthday night.

THE KING'S BIRTHDAY

Official celebrations of the King's Birthday will, as usual, be held six months later, next June, when, perhaps, we may see again, for the first time since pre-war days, that most stirring of all London military spectacles, the Trooping the Colour on Horse Guards Parade: if so, it will be the first of these occasions on which Princess Elizabeth has made her appearance as Colonel of the Grenadier Guards.

Field-Marshal Smuts, over here on another and final flying visit to discuss for the last time the completed arrangements for Their Majesties' tour of South Africa, now less than two months distant, was a luncheon guest at the Palace on the eve-of-the-Accession, and after their long talk with the Union Prime Minister, Their Majesties entertained the Grand Duchess of Luxembourg and Prince Felix to tea. The Grand Duchess and the Prince, who had arrived the day before on a brief pre-Christmas visit to London, where they have many friends, later went to see Queen Mary at Marlborough House, where Field-Marshal Smuts was also received by Her Majesty.

Other Palace and Marlborough House visitors included M. and Mme. Erik Colban, the retiring Norwegian Ambassador and his wife, whose absence from St. James's will be regretted by all members of the Diplomatic Corps and by a host of friends outside as well: for in the twelve years during which he has represented King Haakon in this country, first as Minister, and, since 1942, as Ambassador, M. Colban and his attractive, smiling wife have made themselves one of the most popular of diplomatic couples.

APPLICATIONS are still pouring in to the Lord Chamberlain from ladies who wish to make presentations at the "Presentation Parties" next year at Buckingham Palace and at Holyroodhouse, Edinburgh. This is the official designation of the afternoon garden-parties which, as already

announced, are to be held next year in place of Courts, and differentiates them from the ordinary Royal Garden Parties, attendance at which does not, of course, rank as presentation at Court. The announcement that the King and Queen will definitely be making a stay in Edinburgh again next summer has naturally given great delight to Scotland, as another confirmation of the suggestion that a visit by the Court to Holyroodhouse has now come to be recognised as a regular part of the Royal year, and Scots ladies are very pleased at the prospect of making their presentations or their first curtsies in their own capital, not only because of national sentiment, but also because this arrangement eliminates the need for a special journey to London.

Some consideration is now being given to the question whether any garden-parties or similar functions in South Africa during the Royal tour shall be given the rank of an equivalent to presentation at Court, but this is a question to be decided after there has been an opportunity of assessing public opinion and feeling in the Union on the matter.

MISS DIANA FALCONER, the Lady Provost of Edinburgh, and Lady Clerk were joint-chairmen of the brilliant Ball in aid of the Scottish Appeal for Boys' Clubs held in Edinburgh recently.

The ballroom and supper-room were a blaze of colour with orange and red chrysanthemums. Miss Diana Falconer, in an attractive black dress, and Lady Clerk, in turquoise blue, received the guests with the Lord Provost, the Hon. David Balfour, and Sir John Clerk.

The three Presidents of the ball were Vice-Admiral Sir Frederick Dalrymple-Hamilton, Lt.-Gen. Sir Neil Ritchie and Air Vice-Marshal Simpson, who all brought parties. Others who took parties included the Duchess of Buccleuch, Mr. Charles Cavendish, Harriet Lady Findlay, Lady Gammel, Lady Alexandra Howard-Johnston, Major H. F. Leshallas, Lord and Lady Polwarth, Sir William Thomson, the Marchioness of Tweeddale and Mr. Tony Maxtone Graham, who has done so much for the Boys' Clubs in England and is now the new chairman of the Scottish Appeal. Sir John and Lady Clerk and Cdr. Mark Kerr had organised a Tombola, a



Mrs. M. A. Nicolson is the youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. H. Ridley, of Park End, Simonburn, Northumberland. She married Capt. M. A. Nicolson, the Royals, elder son of Sir Kenneth and Lady Nicolson, of Abingdon, Berks, last month



Pearl Freeman

Mrs. Krogus is the wife of M. Hjalmar Krogus, Commercial Counsellor at the Finnish Legation. M. Krogus is a member of the well-known Finnish shipping family, C. O. Krogus and Co., of Helsingfors. They have three daughters

JENNIFER'S GALLERY



Lady Polwarth, Mrs. Lorimer and Lord Polwarth, who were marking their cards. Lord Polwarth succeeded his grandfather in 1944

To Help the Scottish Appeal for Boys' Clubs

Mr. Tony Maxtone Graham (left) hands the Lady Provost of Edinburgh, Miss Diana Falconer, a card for a lucky dip, watched by her father, Sir John Falconer, Lord Provost of Edinburgh: one of the diversions at the Ball for the Scottish Appeal for Boys' Clubs, held in Edinburgh

great attraction, towards which all the shops in Edinburgh had contributed generously.

It was a really enjoyable dance, and 4.30 a.m. before the last of the guests took the road through Princes Street to the Border and beyond.

THERE was a very appreciative audience at the first night of Warren Chetham Strode's new play, *The Gleam*, which was presented by H. M. Tennent at the Globe Theatre recently. Sir Louis and Lady Sterling, the staunchest of first-nighters, were there in their usual front-

TENNENT FIRST NIGHT

row seats, with Rose Marchioness of Headfort quite near. A few rows farther back I saw Lord Kemsley, accompanied by Lady Kemsley in a magnificent short fox coat. Mrs. Kenneth Hunter was another looking very smart in a short fur cape over her evening dress. Stewart Granger, who was also sitting in the stalls, had come to see his wife, Elspeth March, who plays a leading part in the play. Adrienne Allen, looking as lovely as ever in a black velvet dress and silver foxes, was accompanied by her American husband, Mr. William Dwight Whitney. They had just arrived from America the week before, and were chatting to Mr. and Mrs. Frere Reeves in the interval. Mrs. Reeves, who is often better remembered as Pat Wallace, had also just returned from America, where she had been on business: she holds a big position in the Rank film organisation. Phyllis Monkman, Robert Morley and his wife, and Jeanne Stuart were others there.

At the United Charities Fair the ballroom of the Dorchester was filled with stalls laden with Christmas gifts for sale in aid of fourteen different charities. Lady Hélène Berry made an excellent little speech declaring the Fair open, and later I saw her going round the stalls making several purchases with her husband, the Hon. Lionel Berry. Her two younger sisters, Lady Georgina Coleridge and Lady

UNITED CHARITIES FAIR

Frances Hay, were also there. Mrs. Douglas-Pennant, looking smart in red, was selling tickets for a draw. She told me she was busy moving, as her husband, Rear-Admiral Cyril Douglas-Pennant, who was on Viscount Mountbatten's S.E.A.C. staff until he returned to England early this year, has been appointed the first Commandant of the new Joint Services Staff College, at Latimer House, Chesham, Bucks, and they hope to move in during Christmas week.

Lady Ebbisham and Mrs. Warren-Pearl were busy selling at their stall. Mrs. Warren-Pearl, who must have crossed the Atlantic more times than most people, told me how much she had enjoyed her recent visit to the United States. She and her younger daughter, Susan, had planned to fly the Atlantic, but the machine was

grounded, so they went on a boat which had been used for troops and not yet reconverted from wartime conditions, with bunks in their cabin, but, as she said, a very interesting experience. They returned, in great contrast and comfort, in the Queen Elizabeth.

Mrs. Ivan Colvin, who did such a magnificent job organising and running the Naval War Libraries during the war, was also helping at one of the stalls. Mme. Phang was busy selling at the Aid to China stall.

THE Chelsea Division of the British Red Cross Society organised a successful Ball to raise funds for this very good cause, which is still doing a tremendous job. Although perhaps not as spectacular as in the war years, since hostilities have ended the Red Cross has had to take

CHELSEA RED CROSS BALL

on many duties and welfare work which were previously looked after by wartime organisations, and the Society needs funds as badly as ever. Mrs. Bernard Finnigan, as chairman, worked hard to make the dance a success, with Miss Bridget Heaton-Armstrong, chairman of the Junior Committee, and a very energetic committee to help her. Miss Anne Waddington organised the decorating of the ballroom, which looked most effective with four Christmas-trees gaily trimmed with hand-made decorations and holly on all the tables.

Amongst those who brought parties were the Countess of Limerick and Viscountess Falmouth, who were joint-hostesses at a big table; Lady Bagot, who had a party of eight; Viscountess Craigavon, who had a table for six, and Mrs. Arthur Fawcus, who had a large party, including her attractive daughter Venetia.

There was a cabaret, when Miss Carmen Pady, an attractive and very intelligent Spanish girl who speaks and sings in eight different languages, sang some delightful songs. This was her first appearance in England.

MRS. NORMAN CROWTHER gave a small Christmas party at Claridge's, and at the same time had a stall and short auction in aid of one of her most cherished causes, the Church of England Children's Society (formerly the Waifs and Strays), for which her friends supported her nobly. The little party raised over £200 for the Society. Mrs. Crowther, who lives at Llanbedr, in North Wales, is one of the kindest and most generous of people, and seldom comes to London unless in connection with some good cause or other.

SMALL CHRISTMAS PARTY

Among the guests I met at the party were Lady Levy, Mrs. Henry Burke and her daughter-in-law, Mrs. McIntyre, and Lady Suenson-Taylor, who told me she is off to St. Moritz for Christmas with Sir Alfred and their daughter and son and his fiancée—a real family party.



Capt. Rowan Hamilton, the Black Watch, and Miss Balfour-Kinnear. The ball was held in the New Cavendish ballroom



Mr. Jerry Barnes, the original auctioneer of Oflag 79, spots a bidder for the dressing-gown held by the Hon. David Balfour



Cecil Beaton Plays in "Lady Windermere's Fan"

Cecil Beaton, in his first appearance on the professional stage, has made a great success in the part of Cecil Graham in the New York production of the Oscar Wilde masterpiece. He has also done the décor for the play, as he did for the London production. The cast includes some well-known English people, among them Penelope Dudley Ward, who has made a great impression in New York, and John Buckmaster and Sally Pearson, the son and daughter of Gladys Cooper. Other New York productions for which Mr. Beaton has recently designed the décor are the ballet *Camille*, for Anton Dolin and Markova, and *Les Patineurs* for the New York Ballet Theatre. He returns to England in January to work on films for Sir Alexander Korda, the first of which will be *Salome*, with Orson Welles and Eileen Herlie. The New York production of *Lady Windermere's Fan* has been playing to capacity since its première in October, and it is expected that it will run until June next year.



British Bloodstock is Still Supreme

BUYERS from abroad flocked to the Newmarket December Sales, where once again the demand for British bloodstock was higher than ever. Beating all records, this year's December Sales totalled 865,740 guineas, out of which 73 lots were sold to go abroad for 110,510 guineas



France

The Vicomte de la Grandiere, representing the French National Stud, and Mrs. J. V. Rank



Mr. Maurice O'Neill, a French visitor at the Sales, in discussion with Sir Percy Lorraine



Mr. A. Metcalfe with Mr. M. G. Schapiro, another Frenchman who was over for the Sales



Italy

The Marquis Incisa, an Italian visitor, with Colonel Kennedy, of British Livestock Export



Belgium

Mr. Ryan Jarvis, M. Jack Vercoutere, the Vicomtesse d'Hendecourt and the Vicomte d'Hendecourt. The Vicomte and M. Vercoutere are partner-owners in Belgium



Sweden

Baron von Platen, Baroness Bonde and Dr. Olsson, who were following the catalogue carefully



Another picture of the Baron and Baroness Bonde and Dr. Olsson, all from Sweden, with Mrs. Gilbey, who is herself of partly Swedish descent



Priscilla in Paris

Waiting for Le Petit Noël

By the time this is in print we shall be hanging up our nylons or—in this city—putting our *sabots* on the hearthrug and hoping for the best. Already the caterers are displaying wonderful Christmas fare and advertising the advent of turkeys, geese and *poulardes de Brest*. Nubbly truffles are coyly nestling in dainty osier baskets. The bloated livers of unfortunate geese, cooked and jellied, on silver dishes, or lividly and indiscreetly raw, are awaiting customers. The tinned variety is stacked in gay pyramids in the *charcutiers'* shops and famous confectioners announce that pre-war specialities will be on order.

But where, oh, where shall I get a real Christmas pudding? M. Farge is still on the high seas, but rumour hath it that all food-stuffs will be "free" for *la Noël*! If this is true it will indeed be nice. There is only one snag, however. Since a single slice of ordinary, but almost unobtainable, liver costs twice the price of a pre-war chicken, what will the divine but diseased kind, known as *foie gras*, cost, free or otherwise? At time of writing official prices touch the Black Market mark. . . . How ungrateful we are!

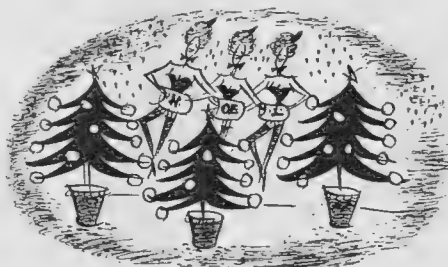
MEANWHILE, I have renewed acquaintance with a famous restaurant that has recently been taken over by M. Jean Rouhette, who ran the Golfers' Club till he was deported by the Boches. This is the Berkeley, and it stands on the corner of the Avenue Matignon and the Rue de Ponthieu. So convenient for the cinema theatres of the Champs Élysées, where the good foreign films have their first showing and where, in a warm but not overheated setting, one enjoys the luscious food that makes one forget, while one eats, that such a thing as war has ever existed or is likely to exist again.

The day I lunched there it was warm and sunny (*tout arrive*!), and we had a table up against the wide windows that look out on the Avenue and the windows of the Champs Élysées gardens, where the children were already playing—for we lunched late—while their Mamas and Nannies, pretending that December was May, sat knitting on the little iron chairs that, mysteriously, have survived Occupation. C. B. and Evelyn Cochran were with us. It is the first time they have been over since the war, and they were positively purring with pleasure. C. B. is here, with Vivian Ellis, the composer of *Big Ben*, to give the Paris shows the once-over and snap up any local talent that may be going for his next, but still far-off, production.

The Marquise de Polignac, who drove her ambulance for the A.S.A. during the war, was also lunching at the Berkeley, and I saw young

Michel Warre having a quick one before going on to a matinée performance of the Jean-Louis Barrault *Hamlet* at Marigny (just across the street), where extra chairs had to be placed in the gangway to accommodate some of the leading members of the Old Vic company, whose all-too-short stay ended, as it began, in a blaze of enthusiasm. I like Robert Kemp's description of Michel Warre, Peter Copley and George Ralph. He writes of their *fière allure* (proud bearing)! A most felicitous comment.

It warms one's heart to see how this exasperating (when one lives here) but adorable city is loved by all those who have known it well in happier days. Superficially, Paris is so unchanged. It is still the playground of the world . . . so long as one has the wherewithal. Food and service are again as of yore in the good restaurants and hotels. With a little patience taxis are always available, and so are



seats at the theatres—if one gets them at the agencies!

Never have the night-clubs and cabarets been so luxurious, and if the big shops leave much to be desired, the "collections" of the *grands couturiers* are gorgeous beyond belief. The world-famous symphony orchestras, Colonne, Padeloup, Lamoureux and Conservatoire, are all giving their Sunday afternoon concerts as of old, and music-lovers find something or other to make them happy every evening of the week at the Salle Pleyel or Gaveau, the Palais de Chaillot, the Conservatoire, the École Normale or the Schola Cantorum.

Another sign of Christmas is the crowd that is milling round the trays of greeting-cards or choosing gift books at Galignani's, in the Rue de Rivoli! There is something so homelike about this English bookshop, despite its Italian name, and there are still many friendly, pre-war faces there, but how one misses dear Mr. Moulder, whom we lost in 1942.

The theatres have had their usual rush-to-produce before the "*Fêtes*." The French version of Norman Hunter's play at the Potinière, *Chiche*, is playing to capacity, despite a slating by that ferocious young *Figaro* critic, Jean-Jacques Gautier, whose unpleasant novel, *Un Fait Divers*, has just won the Goncourt Prize. The Châtelet, where all good children take their parents, has a new spectacular production which is no better or worse than the usual Châtelet fare, for all that it is played by an all-star cast led by Fernandel. The Sartre plays at the Antoine have been toned down, but are still strong meat, and *tout Paris* flocks to see and hear if not always to applaud. His *Huis-clos*, like *Charley's Aunt* of another age, is still running at the Verlaine.

"MICE AND MEN" has been revived at the Edouard VII. Shakespeare and Marivaux are turning disappointed crowds away at the Marigny at every performance, where, by the time this appears, there will be a new play by Armand Salacrou (whose side-line is pharmacy with a special brand of vermin-destroyer). Gaby Morlay and Henri Rollan are giving a wonderful performance in *Valerie*, a grim new comedy at the Théâtre de Paris. Pierre Brasseur, a young author-actor who, I believe, has been seen on the screen in London (and if he hasn't he will be!), is appearing in his recent success, *Un Ange Passe*, at the La Bruyère. He plays the part of an old grandfather, a brilliant piece of characterisation that has brought all Paris crowding to that little-known theatre. Unfortunately, his film contracts are calling him away early in the New Year, and having found nobody to understudy and replace him when he leaves the cast, he has rewritten the part, turning the grandpapa into a grandmama so that the role can be played by Mme. Marcelle Geniat, a very grand old lady of the French stage.

Another play for which one must book well ahead—even with the agencies—is Noel Coward's blithe *Jeux d'Esprits*. His remarkable film *Brief Encounter*, which achieves the same *tour de force* as Jean Cocteau's *Voix Humaine*, is holding up the traffic in the Rue Quentin Bauchart by reason of the queues which form for every showing. The critics have praised this film unanimously, and it was awarded a prize at the recent Cannes film festival. Although I am an ardent Coward fan, I am glad of this, as it no doubt proves my bad taste in disagreeing with the crowd. I found the encounter insufficiently brief for my pleasure. Do what I could, I was unable to interest myself in what seemed to me two dreary, inarticulate ciphers, and my violent reaction to their adventure was: "Oh, for a spot (or did I mean 'a shot')? of forthright sin!"

L'addition, garçon!

● Michel-Georges-Michel, a writer known to Gay Paris since 1910 for his amusing stories, his gossip columns and his gift of repartee, having returned from the States since the war, is now to be found at all his old haunts. The other evening he was supping with a charming young actress who spoke, with regret, of the dear, dull days of yore of which she obviously could have no personal knowledge. Other friends chimed in, but M.-G.-M. laughed at them. "Yes," he said, "that's all very fine. In the old days my suppers cost me ten francs . . . that I hadn't got. Now they cost ten thousand . . . but I've got them!"





ONLY ONE POST
TO-DAY

*"I have often thought," says Sir Roger,
"it happens very well that Christmas
should fall out in the Middle of Winter"*



Photographs by John Deakin

Mary Martin in the doorway of her dressing-room (originally used by David Garrick) on her way to a rehearsal. She is wearing a practice crinoline

MARY MARTIN, OF "PACIFIC—1860"

AN AMERICAN STAR AT DRURY LANE

MARY MARTIN, who is starring in Noel Coward's *Pacific—1860*, at Drury Lane, rose to fame by singing the famous "My Heart Belongs to Daddy" in a Broadway musical comedy. She is regarded by American critics as the most important musical-comedy star since the beloved Marilyn Miller. During the war years she appeared in a string of successful musical shows on Broadway, but this is her first appearance on the English stage.

Pacific—1860 is an operetta set in an imaginary island in the Pacific. Drawn from Mr. Coward's experience of travel in the British colonies, the cast includes all the retinue of a Colonial Government House. A beautiful pillared residence backed by lush tropical vegetation has been designed by Mrs. Gladys Calthrop for the big scene.

The reopening of "the Lane" is a notable event in post-war stage history. It was the first theatre ever to be granted a Royal Charter, and during the war, when it served as the headquarters of E.N.S.A., it was damaged by a bomb that passed through the balcony and the Royal Circle to the stalls. Much hard work had to be put in to clear away the debris and repair it for the first night of the new operetta.

On the right Mary Martin is shown photographed against the memorial to the actor-manager Sir Augustus Harris, who became the lessee of Drury Lane in 1879 and raised it to its highest point of prosperity. He became the Sheriff of London in 1890-91 and was knighted when the German Emperor visited the theatre. When he died in 1896 the memorial was raised by public subscription



D. B. WYNDHAM LEWIS

Standing



"Brought your refrigerator, ma'am"

BY way of alleviating the gastric despairs of the British Christmas (1946), a thinker in an outlying suburb has made a whimsy dart at reviving the Boy Bishop, we observe. Unfortunately, the rather apprehensive child featured by the Press photographers has nothing much to do, whereas the authentic Boy Bishop performed a signal public service during his octave of office.

For mark you that one of this child's duties was to ascend the pulpit of St. Paul's Cathedral on Holy Innocents' Day, arrayed full and proper in miniature cope, mitre, rochet, ring, shoes, and gloves, and carrying a miniature crozier, and there to humble London's leading big bonnets, there present, in a manner odious to the mighty: namely, prefacing a short address by asking the prayers of the charitable for them, including "my broder Bysshopp of London" and "my ryght worshypful broder and lover the Mayer, with all the Aldermen and Shyrefs." Thus were the mighty put in their place by a mere brat once a year and reminded not to swell and stamp so much, since they are but dust.

Nobody ever does this nowadays, with the result that many of the mighty stink, and we don't mean Coty Millefleurs.

Warning

A DINER-OUT regretting that you don't find chaps like Wilde at Mayfair tables nowadays, ruling the talk and delighting one and all with their brilliance, reminded us of the moral and indeed terrifying story of Mr. Joseph Choate, the famous American Ambassador and wit, at a small and intimate Windsor dinner-party.

As Queen Victoria uttered no word whatsoever from the soup to the fish, inclusive, nobody spoke above a whisper. Eventually Mr. Choate, who liked conversation, grew restless. Leaning across Princess Beatrice he addressed Her Majesty with a beaming smile.

"Queen Victoria!"

Dead silence.

"Queen Victoria!" repeated Mr. Choate, more loudly.

The Queen turned on him a frigid and elevated eyebrow.

"I was just telling your daughter, Ma'am," said poor Mr. Choate desperately, "that she looks just fine tonight."

A slight freezing inclination of the R-y-l head, and dinner proceeded, and ended, in complete silence.

Melody

AGED roysterers who frequented the Empire and Alhambra Ballets of the Pre-Diaghilev Age will tell you that three sounds dominating the orchestra linger in their feeble memory: the

pop of corks, the froufrou of the skirts of the mopsies of the Promenade, and the creaking of the limbs of the elderly ladies and gentlemen hopping and twirling so indefatigably on the stage.

A chap fawning on the Sadler's Wells boys and girls recently implied that they rarely creak, being mostly under sixty. He deemed this an advantage, whereas an Edwardian survivor we know says that sahibs in remote outposts of Empire, hearing the pepper-trees creaking before the Rains, used to cry like babies, dreaming of the lights of Leicester Square. This (he says) was a very good thing—it either kept them off or drove them to the whisky-bottle, we forget which. In any case, that simple sound spelt Home, and possibly Mother; showing that it is no shame in a ballerina to live for her Arthritis.

Afterthought

GIRLS who creak too loudly during a *double entrechat-fouetté-aux-pommes*, drowning the orchestra and upsetting balletomanes' vibrations, may become a problem, admittedly. They should be shot from guns. The famous "Zaza," who earned her living this way in the 1890's, flew noiselessly through the air and landed in a net. Modern balletomanes would probably demand a more dynamic solution, such as suddenly dropping the net. What a joke that would be, moreover, for those sadistic fishfaces.

Posy

SHEEPERLY describing a new cloak-and-sword novel as "about as romantic as the home-life of an auctioneer," a booky prig was evidently unacquainted with the lyric which won us the Hawthornden Prize some years ago, when we had a line on some of the big shots in the literary racket, owing to our being friendly with a leading dick at Scotland Yard. It was called *Aubade* (Dawn-Song):

Awake, sweet Sotheby! and ope those lids,
Responsive to the Dawn's first nervous bids;
See how the summer Morn, dew-pearl'd and misty,
Stoops low to kiss the shellpink brow of Christie;
Mark how the pretty birds' first matin-call
Evokes the answering peep of Tattersall,
And now enchants, with fresh *roulades* and runs,

BUBBLE and SQUEAK

TWO hunters, enjoying a meal, had rested their rifles against a tree some distance away. Suddenly a bear emerged from the wood and made towards them. One man quickly climbed the nearest tree; but the other, somewhat portly, started to run, with the bear at his heels.

Just as it was about to catch him, he suddenly disappeared into a hole in the ground. The bear overshot the hole and, quick as a flash, the man scrambled out and fled in the opposite direction, again pursued by the bear. Leading the chase back towards the hole, he repeated the first performance, and once more the bear overshot the hole.

After this had happened several times, his friend shouted down from the tree-top:

"Hi, you dumb fool! Why the heck don't you stay in the hole?"

"Can't," gasped the portly one, still running. "There's another bear in that hole!"

A LADY visitor was wandering around the grounds of a lunatic asylum, and was very struck with the lovely arrangement of the flowerbeds in the gardens. She remarked to a man who was passing: "Who is responsible for this design?"

"Oh, I am," replied the man.

"Really!" exclaimed the visitor. "But surely, with such talent as this you could do something better than the grounds of a lunatic asylum?"

"Yes, that's what I am always telling the Governor here. But he won't let me go. You see, I'm an inmate."

"Well, I feel sure you must be sound in mind if you can do all this. I'll speak to the Governor myself about you. He's an old friend of mine."

"I can never be grateful enough, if you will," said the inmate.

The lady turned to go towards the house. She had only taken a few steps, when a large rock struck her in the back of the neck, and as she looked back

the man was pointing at her: "Now, remember," he said, "you've promised!"

PEGGY, a little American girl, was ten, and in celebration her mother and father took her to dinner at Los Angeles' exclusive Town House. The high point of the evening was unquestionably the moment when Peggy danced with her father—on a real dance floor, to the music of a real orchestra. It was a veritable Eden, so naturally the Serpent put in an appearance—in the form of a caustic head-waiter. "I'm very sorry," he said, "but children are not permitted on the dance floor."

Peggy and her father returned to their table, Peggy's mouth drooping. Her mother left the table abruptly, returning a few moments later. Almost immediately after a penitent head-waiter made a deep, formal bow before a starry-eyed little girl.

"I beg your pardon, Madame," he apologised humbly. "You see, I didn't know you were ten."

By ...

The drowsy ear of Debenham, Storr, & Sons;
Hark! Faint from Piccadilly ring the jokes,
The gay new morning-cry of Stokes to Stokes!
Awake!

This was actually a pendant to a *Serenade*
(Night-Song) on the same theme, taking in the
South-Western Area:

Night and Sleep have closed the merry
Eyes of Robins, Snell, & Terry;
Now the fairies woo the handsome
Firm of Turner, Lord, & Ransome,
Hush!
Softer yet, and yet more subtly
Dreams invade Knight, Frank, & Rutley ...
Hush!

Not even a chipped china Late-Victorian dog
did we receive from any of those boys for this
enchanting free publicity, as we need hardly
add.

Opening

SOBBING over the hard lives of strolling
players in the pre-Mayfair era ("Not so
much of the 'old,' please," as Tree used to say
at rehearsal), a theatre gossip seemed to imply
that they never had any opportunity of better-
ing their dismal lot. This is a fallacy, as the
case, quoted in the Newgate Calendar, of a
touring actor named William Page, hanged at
Maidstone in 1758, demonstrates.

Weaving his way on to the stage at York
one night in a Roman toga, Mr. Page had just
got as far as

"Cato (*hic*)! Thou reason(*hic*)est well!—"

when he fell down with a crash and passed
out, and the performance ended. The manager
fired him next day. Did he hang round Charing
Cross Road biting his elegant nails and cursing
his agent? No, he took to the High Toby and
became one of the gayest, dressiest figures on
the King's highway, till the steps and the string
cut his career untimely short. Pointing out
this energy and drive to a moody member of
the Green Room Club recently, we reminded
him that highway robbery flourishes today as
in Mr. Page's time, and that a bit of polish in
the racket is sadly needed. For example, most
operators rattle off "Put-'em-up!" in one
breath, instead of enunciating very clearly:
"Put them (*pause, eyebrows slightly raised, ex-
pression of weary amusement, right hand toying
delicately with gun, left hand passed gracefully
through Marcel wave*) ... ahp!" Nor can they
light a cigarette halfway.

We inky boys (we added) never snatch old
ladies' reticules on a dark night without raising
our hats, which is elevating the business already.
Nor is it, as yet, a "closed shop." Hey, Equity!



"Let me go, you villain! Urrgh! Urrgh! Urrgggh!!"

AN Irish maid had been home to attend the
funeral of a friend. "How did you get
on, Bridget?" asked her employer when the girl
returned.

"Indade, an' I've niver enjoyed myself more
for years, I haven't. At the wake 'twas myself
cried the loudest of all. Thin, comin' back from
the cemetery, the corpse's own brother held my
hand and said I was the belle of the funeral."

A PARTY of sailors were being shown over the
cathedral by a guide.

"Behind the altar," he told them, "lies
Richard the Second. In the churchyard outside
lies Mary, Queen of Scots; also Henry the
Eighth. And who," he demanded, halting above
an unmarked flagstone, "who do you think is
a-lying 'ere?"

"Well," answered one sailor, "I don't know for
sure, but I have my suspicions."

A new version of an old rhyme:

The King was in the laundry
Washing out his shirt;
The Queen was in the kitchen
Sweeping up the dirt;
The maid was in the parlour
Eating bread and honey;
Along came a neighbour and
Offered her more money.

THE new baby proved to have very powerful
lungs. One day his brother, aged five, said to
his mother: "Mother, baby came from heaven,
didn't he?"

"Yes, dear," answered mother.

The small boy was silent for a moment, then he
went on: "I say, mother!"

"What is it, dear?"

"I don't blame the angels for slinging him out,
do you?"



Sabretache

PICTURES IN THE FIRE

THAT profuse manufacturer of agricultural aphorisms, Thomas Tusser, whose dates are 1523-1580, some time in the middle of the sixteenth century wrote: "At Christmas play and make good cheer, For Christmas comes but once a year!" This exhortation has been quoted on many a Christmas-card since the days of the bucolic rhymester, and is generally held up to us as a faithful picture of what are called "the good old days," when, apparently, no one had a care in the world, did very little work, and certainly at this particular time of the year had lashings of turkey and chine, barons of beef and haunches of venison, to say nothing of the various game birds.

A Contrast

THEY likewise had Sherris sack, pipes of port and other comforting liquids. It would therefore be instructive if the shade of Thomas Tusser could return to us and oblige with a couplet or so upon this Christmas 1946. I warrant his ghost would pipe a less merry tune, and that he might find it difficult to do much laughing inside a Strachey waistcoat, with income tax at half his income; a coal shortage instead of blazing Yule logs; wassail bowls out of the question, unless he was prepared to pay Black Market prices for the ingredients; "Old October" completely unknown; fox-hunters in general classed as felons; "waits" extremely unpopular, even when conducted by the vicar with a tuning-fork which he hands round to the minstrels to smell; coupons and forms for everything, and most people as cross as a bagful of nails. Not very conducive to boisterous merriment!

It is only fair to record that the engaging Mr. Tusser also wrote: "Make hunger thy sauce as a medicine for health." He would have had no need to tender this advice to-day, and if he had he would have been sharply reminded by the Radio Doctor, for one, that there is a limit in all things, and that we think the belt is already tight enough for the comfort of even the most ascetic. Thomas had no lack of

incentive for his couplet in that Tudor epoch, but now . . . !

They must have had their points, in spite of the fact that they only had "Flying Machines" like The Rocket, The True Blue, The Beaufort and their sisters, who thought that they were doing pretty well at 9 miles an hour, instead of our splendid motor-buses which can buck worse than any Brumby, or other outlaw from the Australian Bush, and hardly let up even when standing still, a thing even the most vulgar horse never does. Our ancestors had their ups and downs, and not unnaturally groused a bit when they were upset in a snowdrift 10 miles away from the nearest rum punch, or when bailed up by that great master of his craft, "Sixteen String Jack" (John Rann), of whom Dr. Johnson said that his technique was as much above that of any other Gentleman of the Road as was Gray's poetry above the ordinary run of verse.

To-day we have to make do with the unromantic car bandit, and the cat-burglar, who removes £20,000 worth of jewellery, or such-like, when the house is full of people, who never even hear a sound. There was something "to" looking down the barrel of an enormous horse-pistol!

Witches, Ghosts and the Devil

THEY were miles ahead of us in all these departments in the Good Old Days, especially at Christmas-time, when, in order to create the appropriate atmosphere, they had them all on parade, and they seemed, each in his or her separate department, to add to the general hilarity. As creators of an appropriate Christmas chiaroscuro they were second to none, and even the Devil did his bit. Look what a lot of sport he had with Michael the Magician—a dealer in magic and spells in a large way of business—to whom Old Horney himself had to play second fiddle.

It was when they fell out, after being the best of friends, that the fun and games began, and Michael Scots, who was really an Irishman,

made Nicholas go like a scalded cat on his own big shovel down that famous stream, the Tweed. It was the same shovel with which Nick had built the Three Eildons, hills which cut off all the warmth from Melrose Abbey. Michael wanted to freeze the Monks out because their Masses interfered with his incantations; and they, in their turn, abominated him.

And to-day, we just look down our noses at Nicholas and all the witches and warlocks and ghosts. No wonder they will not play! As to witches, if anyone wants evidence, let him go to the Fen side of the Belvoir country and inspect "Byard's Leap." He was a horse; a very Gehazi, but until a witch who had a down on his owner, landed on his quarters and dug her claws in, he never covered three 100-acre fields in one standing leap. It was almost like taking off at Valentine's and landing on the safe side of "The Chair."

Queer Company

As to ghosts, apart from the distinguished collection in The Tower, Herne, "with great ragged horns and fearful shrieks and oaths," was in great form at Windsor, and his opposite number, Der Wilde Jäger, was frightening people out of their wits in the Black Forest; Thomas Ingoldsby's Spectre of Tappington, King Dick at Bosworth in Sutton Ambion covert, a well-known draw with the Atherstone. It was here that Richard had his horse killed under him, and according to our national bard made that extravagant offer for another one; his tent, in which he had that horrifying dream, is also quite close to this well-known draw.

The Cavalier Cavalry at Edgehill; the Moss Troopers' galloping commandos up on The Border; Wild Dayrell, the fiendish baby-slayer, with his hounds on the Bath Road near sinister Littlecote Hall, where the deed was done; in fact, almost everywhere could we find these sportive shades did we not snub them so unmercifully. They used to be well-recognised Christmas institutions. Now . . . !

Good old days!



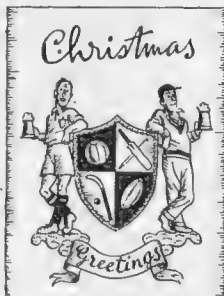
The Spirit of the Game is adequately expressed by this picture of a line-out during the University Rugby match at Twickenham, when Cambridge lost to the unbeaten Oxford team by fifteen points to five. It was thought that Cambridge would suffer a much heavier defeat, but they never lost heart and put up a very gallant struggle



A Berwickshire Meet

The Duke of Buccleuch's Foxhounds recently met at Mellerstain, Berwickshire, and are seen moving off in perfect hunting weather. The Hunt was started in 1827, the pack being established by the fifth Duke of Buccleuch. Its country lies in Roxburghshire, Selkirk and Berwickshire

Scoreboard



CHRISTMAS. The feast of St. Bar-mecide, you say? But away with irony and urban jest. This is the time of the Family, when aunty goes up the spout at Monopoly, and the children take a breather to listen to grand m a m m a's stories of father when a boy; the time of love and hope, and faith. The time also

when, by your leave, I like to remember those who have given pleasure without knowing it, the ignorant benefactors.

THANKS for the memory of M. Lucien Barbe, a Rugger referee from France, explaining the state of the scrummaging laws, in his native tongue, to a towering forward from Gloucester; thanks to all touch-judges who turn their backs on the game and talk to their pals in the crowd; to all dogs of low birth but high enthusiasm, who, unlike the touch-judges, run level with the wing three-quarters. Thanks also to the Bacchic gentleman who remarked to a recent gathering of journalists in a North Country hotel, "You don't look much like the South African cricket team."

GREETINGS across the sea; to the citizen in charge of the roller at the Battle of Brisbane who, while all the world waited, rolled that Test pitch for 13 minutes longer than is permitted by Number 9 of the Laws of Cricket, as revised nineteen times by the Marylebone Club since 1884, when Mr. Gladstone made his famous forecast of fine weather; to the horse, by name Ironmonger, which pulled the roller and the citizen-in-charge with a proper sense of eternity; to the horse's namesake, the Australian bowler Ironmonger, who, after taking guard, used to put his foot behind his bat and wait for the crash.

GREETINGS at home; to men in peril on the field of Mixed Hockey. May you not be led off at the end looking like some triumph by Picasso. Mind Mae West at centre-half.

GREETINGS to all golfers; whip-crackers, scoopers, and those who putt in strange positions. Happy and eloquent be your rounds. And if your golf must be played at home, by the proxy of imagination, sit deep in the old armchair, and break 70 on every course you know, driving like Sam Snead, chipping like Joyce Wethered, and giving yourself all the three-ganders; till you return, as I do now, to the favourite course of all.

No hurry. Time slips back and stands at ease. In his narrow shop the professional is showing a driving-mashie to old Jenkinson who, when the West wind is wild, wears his beard inside the belt of his Norfolk jacket.

The shaft of the club is of finest hickory. Both poise it and make passes with it. They are not in the relation of buyer and seller, but of craftsmen equal in knowledge and the rights of the connoisseur. The pro. even inclines to disparage his commodity, and talks of its faulty balance—"not the club at all for your kind of a swing now." Then off they go on swings and stances.

NEARBY, on the practice putting-green, Saunders is discussing Japanese gardens, mostly with himself, or laying wagers of fictional grandeur with the Irish member, who hits each putt three times in a second; the local machine-gun. Across the valley, in his garden by the third green, the proprietor, a retired but vigilant solicitor, is lying in wait for the wider slices. And, in the club-house, the secretary, having arranged a match between two visitors who don't care for the look of each other, is pinning up a notice that doesn't matter for members who won't read it.

God rest you merry, Gentlemen; let nothing you dismay.

R. R. Roberts Glasgow



Lady Arabella Stuart, the twelve-year-old niece of the Earl of Moray, was among those at the Mellerstain meet



Colonel R. Younger, with the Hon. Elizabeth and the Hon. Margaret Mackay, the daughters of Lord Reay, who is Chief of the Clan Mackay

BOOKS REVIEWED by ELIZABETH BOWEN

"Montgomery"

"Palladian"

"The Nine Men of Soho"

"Don't Be Afreud"

NOTHING could seem, on the face of it, more difficult than the writing of the life of a living man—whatever and whatever the man may be. That it is difficult I still do not doubt: it would be a grievous mistake to think that because a thing has been done triumphantly well it must have been done, after all, easily.

Alan Moorehead's *Montgomery* (Hamish Hamilton; 12s. 6d.), which I have read this week, is a case in point. Viscount Montgomery is not an easy subject: he is possibly the most difficult one could find. Not merely the temperately correct but the inspired approach was essential—such an approach cannot be merely "found": it must, I suppose, be a real response of the biographer's temperament. Mr. Moorehead's life of Lord Montgomery, from birth up to 1946, is distinguished by a range, freedom and frankness which set it miles apart from the ever-cautious, typical "authorised biography"—and, still better, by just such a mobile and penetrating imaginativeness as its subject deserves. One does not, by an ironic fatality, always desire what one deserves; and how Lord Montgomery himself will react to this book I humbly do not, and should like to, know. In the matter of portrait-painting in the literal (canvas and brush) sense, he has not, one learns here, been ever easy to please.

But *Montgomery* is not a studio portrait—it is a study of a man in action, and of a man from whose nature action is inseparable. It is a picture of a career—a picture set, lit and executed in such a manner as to redeem "career" from that belittling association with "careerism" which is one of the drearier symptoms of our age. On page 15, Mr. Moorehead says: "The story of Montgomery is like one of those explosive rockets which the Germans fired upon London at the end of the 1939-45 war. For the first few thousand feet the missile struggles slowly and awkwardly upward, leaving an acrid trail of smoke behind. Then suddenly it alters course for no apparent reason and shoots off at tremendous velocity into the stratosphere." The analogy is to be in the mind throughout.

* * *

WE begin with the ancestry. Does it appear uncanny, or almost too good a sop to our superstition or passion for things being rounded off, that the Field-Marshal should be descended from that Rôger de Montgomery who, in 1066, was William the Conqueror's second-in-command at the Battle of Hastings; and that Roger de Montgomery should have been "of Falaise"—where, roughly a thousand years



later, his descendant, invading from England, was to fight his greatest battle? . . .

The parentage is not less interesting: Bernard Law Montgomery was the son of an outstanding representative of the Church Militant: his father, two years after this fourth child's birth, was to become Bishop of Tasmania—and never, in the course of a long life, slackened in spiritual effort. Also, the Field-Marshal was the son of a young mother of vigorous temperament: Mrs. Montgomery, daughter of the Dean Farrar who wrote *St. Winifred's* and *Eric, or Little by Little*, became engaged at fourteen and was married at sixteen: she was still in her mid-twenties when her fourth child was born.

The Tasmanian childhood is by no means presented as an idyll: there were fiery conflicts with maternal authority. Schooldays at St. Paul's, then the time at Sandhurst, are not glossed over: here was a youthful tough. Upon games, at first, was the concentration: then comes the concentration on pure soldiering. Mr. Moorehead shows how Montgomery—bored by society, unaffectedly indifferent to women—differed from the accepted type of young officer of those comfortable pre-1914 days. "He was not wealthy. . . . He was no horseman. He was religious. . . . He had no family military influence. And what was much worse than all this—very much worse—was that lately he had developed an unblushing enthusiasm for the profession of making war. He was aggressively full of ideas he wanted to put into practice—so full of them that he committed the solecism of talking shop in the mess."

Then, the 1914 war: Montgomery's part in that, its effects on him, and the state of mind in which he entered upon the inter-war interval—a state of mind which set him apart, with equal sharpness, from the disillusioned and from the idealists who surrounded him. "He could not bring himself to believe in peace. War, to his mind, was as inevitable as the sparks fly upwards." The formative years of this unknown soldier provide, under Mr. Moorehead's analysis, chapters as fascinating as any in the book. The marriage, not only by its complete happiness but by its tragic end, was itself to add something to the Montgomery who blazed on the world after Alamein, 1942.

* * *

"UP to Alamein," said Mr. Churchill, "we survived; after Alamein we conquered." The ascendant phase, onward from that

inconspicuous night-flight to Egypt, to take up the command, has been followed by Mr. Moorehead with a dramatic sureness in which no touch of vulgar theatricality appears. From the African Desert to the Baltic Sea. . . . Apart from its fascination as a character-study, *Montgomery* must be, so far at least, without parallel as an inside story of the campaigns.

This book arrives into a post-war atmosphere that is still heated; and it cannot but be valuable at this time. It punctures surviving rumours and lays the ghosts of others. Its aim is toward dispassionate truth—from which much is to be gained and little feared. This would seem to apply particularly to the relations between Montgomery and Eisenhower. *Montgomery* should, and one must hope will, circulate as widely in the United States as it is certain to do here.

* * *

"PALLADIAN" (Peter Davies; 8s. 6d.) is the second novel of Elizabeth Taylor—her first having been *At Mrs. Lippincote's*. Miss Taylor is a novelist to watch; there is an exciting distinction about every page she writes; she makes one feel, "Here, really, is something new; something that has not been perceived, or said, before!" She is young, without being in any way handicapped by youthfulness; and she is beginning to write now, at a time when the world has heaved itself over into a new phase and a subtle difference appears in the values of everything; I cannot think of a better time for a novelist of Miss Taylor's already manifest but not yet nearly expended powers.

For this reason, I hope that she may not go off at too marked a tangent from everyday life: in *Palladian* she shows signs of doing this. In *At Mrs. Lippincote's* I admired the uncovering of depths of fantastic strangeness in apparently ordinary, banal people—a group of officers and their wives living in lodgings and taken-furnished villas.

In *Palladian*, each of the characters wears some or another extraordinary characteristic like a plume—the most satisfying, to my mind, being the least unusual: Mrs. Turner, the headmistress, and Mrs. Veal, the unfortunate, amorous lady at the pub. Our (and our heroine's) introduction to Mrs. Veal, in a railway carriage, is unforgettable:

The train was winding its way through water-meadows, and had begun to slow up as the landscape grew lusher and wetter, as if oppressed by the moisture-laden hedges and low, swollen clouds. The plump woman opposite Cassandra smoothed on



Pleasures Without Change, by John Wachter (Sylvan Press; £1 1s.), is a wide survey of sporting days, ranging from such pursuits as stag-hunting on Exmoor, wild-fowling on the Thames Estuary and walking-up partridges in Kent to big-game shooting in South Africa. The author is a practised writer as well as a sportsman, and his chapters are full of vigorous detail and dramatic moments. James Lucas's drawings are, as can be seen from the examples on this page, very much *en rapport* with the text J. M.



her gloves, cleared a little space on the misty glass with her cuff, peered out, sank back, holding her ticket ready, yawning repeatedly.

"Oh, I'm yawning," she said, catching Cassandra's glance, patting her mouth with her fist, her eyes watering. "Tiring weather."

Cassandra agreed, feeling ill at ease, vaguely suspicious of the blonde ripeness of the woman, embarrassed by her, as the young are embarrassed at being singled out by their elders.

"You going far?"

"To Crophorne."

"Fancy that!"

Cassandra, an orphan, in fact is on the way to take up the post of governess in the house of an unknown widower with a romantic name: Marion Vanbrugh. Will she, like Jane Eyre, fall in love with her employer? She thinks it far from improbable that this may happen—and, when in fact it does, the Brontë analogy is never far from her mind.

Mr. Vanbrugh, like Mr. Rochester, is an intimidating figure of mystery: here, however, the resemblance stops. By his two cousins—Tom the drunk and derelict, lover of Mrs. Veal, and Margaret, the strong-minded woman doctor—who have settled more or less indefinitely on and in his house, Marion is considered an effeminate. The house, from whose style derives the name of the story, is sombre, stands in a garden of crumbling statues and rosebeds overrun by poultry, is pervaded, still, by Marion's dead wife, the beautiful and exasperating Violet, and is ruled, from the background, by Violet's fierce old Nanny.

TINTY, the scared, sentimental mother of Tom and Margaret, is nominal housekeeper. There seems to be little space, psychologically speaking, for this latest arrival, Cassandra the governess. And what of her pupil, Sophy? Of this child, it could be said that nothing could have pleased her better than her end—terrible and unexpected as both the death and its manner are for the reader.

Of the lay-out of *Palladian*, this is no more than a sketch. The book's power lies in its strangeness; its weakness lies in the strangeness being carried to excess. Deliberately, Miss Taylor seems to have enlisted her characters, cutting them off from any world but their own. Yet that world of theirs has a realism, in its very savageries, lyricisms and intensities. Genius inspires some of the incidents, and the often unnerving veracity of the talk. Between those lightning flashes there are domestic touches which Mrs. Angela Thirkell could hardly better. All I feel is, that *Palladian* is keyed too high all through.

"THE NINE MEN OF SOHO" (Allan Wingate; 7s. 6d.) is a collection of short stories by J. Maclaren-Ross—another writer due for the front rank. We are, we are told, to take the "I" of the stories to be the author himself—if so, he is working under chaotic conditions. Better, and more dire, pictures of the Bohemian extremity—in pubs and the Soho purlieus, in dun-beleaguered bungalows along half-made roads, in and out of bookshops and under the duress of the Army—are not, I should imagine, to be found.

There is an at once savage and fatalistic tolerance in Mr. Maclaren-Ross's approach to human beings: he has also often the merit of being extremely funny. The first and last stories—"Welsh Rabbit of Soap" and "My Father Was Born in Havana" respectively—seem to me the best; though "The Swag, the Spy and the Soldier" makes a good half-way, and there is something obliquely touching about "Lulu." As a collection, *The Nine Men of Soho* shows unequal work: Mr. Maclaren-Ross should be nagged at to keep at his very best.

"DON'T BE AFREUD" (Methuen; 4s.) is not, as its authors say, a book for the squeamish lover of young people. Sub-titled "A Short Guide to Youth Control," it is just the thing for the down-trodden grown-up. Lionel Gamlin wrote it; Anthony Gilbert drew the pictures. Of their production they tell us—"if its message is clearly grasped by the intelligent reader—you, Sir, or you, Madam—there will be no need for any more books about Youth, for the whole racket will have been exposed for all time."



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John Wilson



The Duke of Newcastle Marries

Henry Edward Hugh Pelham-Clinton-Hope, ninth Duke of Newcastle, married Lady Diana Montagu-Stuart-Wortley, second daughter of the Earl and Countess of Wharnclyffe, of Wortley Hall, Sheffield, in London



Hawkins — Heath

H.R.H. the Duchess of Gloucester attended the marriage of Major Michael Babington Hawkins, A.D.C. to the Governor-General of Australia. The bridegroom is the second son of Mr. L. G. Hawkins and the late Mrs. Hawkins, of King's Lynn. The bride is Miss Virginia Heath, only child of G/Capt. Noel Heath, and of Mrs. W. S. Crossing, of Sydney



GETTING MARRIED

The "Tatler and Bystander's" Review of Weddings

Carvill — Nugent

Captain Michael Carvill, Irish Guards, eldest son of Mr. J. Carvill and the late Mrs. Carvill, of Glengarriff, Marazion, Dublin, married Miss Gloria Nugent, younger daughter of Sir Walter and Lady Nugent, of Donore, Multyfarnham, Co. Westmeath



Jermyn — Leonard

Mr. John Bennett Jermyn, son of Mr. and Mrs. John Jermyn, of Blackrock, Co. Cork, married Miss Pamela Leonard, elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John Leonard, of Oxhey Woods, Northwood, at Holy Trinity Church, Northwood



Macintosh — Fibiger

Mr. John Macintosh, only son of Sir Harold and Lady Macintosh, of Greystones, Halifax, Yorks, married Miss Bronda Fibiger, only daughter of the late Mr. L. J. Fibiger and Mrs. Fibiger, of South Shields, Co. Durham, at Holy Trinity, Brompton



Goschen — Cadogan

Sir Edward Goschen, Bt., elder son of the late Sir Edward Goschen, and of Mary Lady Goschen, married Miss Cynthia Cadogan, daughter of the Hon. Alexander and Lady Theodosia Cadogan, at the King's Chapel of the Savoy

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MUFFS AND MINK



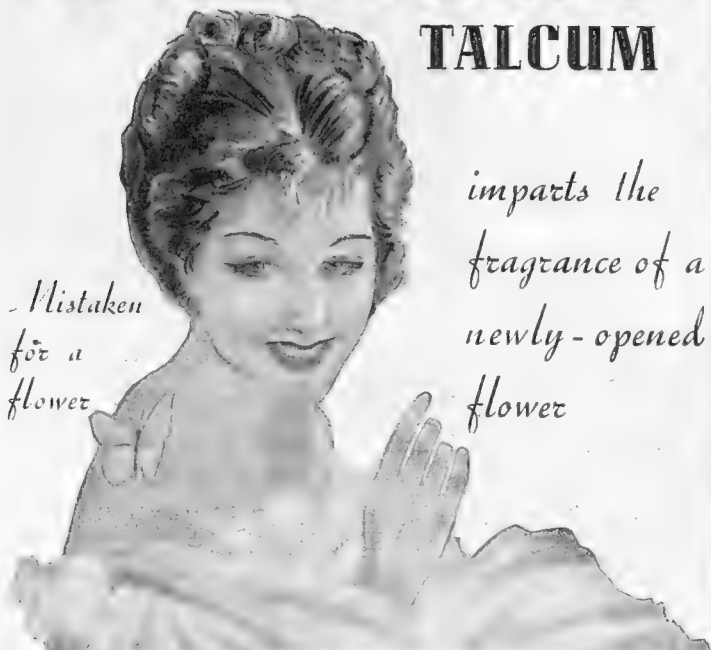
Fox tails, soft, subtle, infinitely flattering, make the muff. The bow conceals a slide fastener which, in turn, opens to reveal a handbag interior

**FASHION
PAGE
by
Winifred
Lewis**

Exciting mink, modelled as a cape but differently, with a three-quarter-length front which can be used alternatively as a muff. National Fur Company

*Photographs by
Joysmith*

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Oliver Steward on FLYING

THE ways of the Ministry of Supply are sometimes mysterious. But I imagine that the responsibilities of this Ministry must increase as the plans outlined in the White Paper on Defence are realized. It will then be concerned with all three Services. And presumably that is why there has been all this excitement about scientific appointments.

Whether Sir Ben Lockspeiser is content with the title of "Chief Scientist" to the Ministry I do not know. Scientific workers used to see red if you called them "scientists." That, they said, was a word exclusively used in the daily Press and in boys' papers. But then the daily Press and the boys' papers always win these battles about words.

For instance, I have been trying for years to make people who talk and write about aviation realize that a monoplane has two wings—a pair of wings—and that no aeroplane could fly which had a *single* wing. Yet we now hear repeatedly about "all-wing" aircraft.

Muddled phrases, however, do encourage muddled thinking. So I must beg Sir Ben Lockspeiser to give up that false term "guided projectile." A projectile is a thing you throw. Rocket-driven bombs, guided by radio or other devices, are things sent, or guided missiles.

Golden Opinions

ONCE again I have to halt the traffic of words to enable me to pass on more praise to the British air corporations. I spoke of my own favourable experiences with British European Airways a little time ago. Now I have heard of equally favourable experiences from a traveller who has just completed a very long run on these services.

Theoretically, and in many ways practically, I am wholly hostile to these giant Government corporations. They monopolize air transport and prevent that development by trial and error which, in the end, is the only kind that gives results. They are uncontrolled, so that if they make wrong decisions and choose to stick to them, nobody can do anything about it. They are becoming political in texture.

In short they have every fault. Yet when I hear that they are doing good, practical work on the air lines I shall not omit to mention it. And if they keep up that good work and produce good results without taking too much of the tax-payer's money, I might in the end approve of the nationalization of British air transport. But how are we to know how much they cost the British tax-payer?

It has been a repeated complaint in Parliament that the accounts of these public Corporations fail to give the information that is needed for a proper estimate of their economic efficiency. Anyhow, while and when I can, I pay them my respects and pass on my and other people's compliments.

Killjoy at Work

WHY this weighty emphasis on the new stewardesses *not* being glamour girls? I suppose it is the English taste for self-immolation, for making everything as miserable and gloomy as possible.

I suppose that the idea at the back of the heads of the publicity men who state that the new hostesses are *not* glamour girls, is that there is something frivolous and slightly immoral about glamour and that air transport ought to be very stern and pure.

May I remind them that that attitude of mind has led to more gloom and misery even than the atomic bomb. We must try and lose the habit of decrying and debasing all kinds of fun.

Which Layout?

IT is remarkable that, after all the work that has been done to rationalize aircraft design, we are still unable to say if the ordinary conventional aircraft pattern is the best for personal aircraft or the twin tail-boom, pusher pattern, or the tailless, swept-back pattern.

What used before the war to be called the Stearman-Hammond aircraft had twin tail-booms and pusher airscrew and its scheme was much publicised and widely approved. Today there are many machines adopting this fundamental layout: the SUC10 Courlis, the Aérocentre Frégate and the Fokker. On



F/Lt. R. A. Stratton, son of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Stratton, of Church House, Christchurch, Mon., and his bride, Marguerite Yvonne Nicholl Burmester, daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Griffin, of Corners, Llandaff, Glam., and granddaughter of the late Sir Edward Nicholl, M.P., K.B.E., D.L., of Littleton Park, Shepperton, Middlesex

the other hand there are also machines adopting the tailless swept-back wing arrangement—notably the SE2100. Then again there are hosts of machines adopting the classic formula, the ordinary fuselage with tractor airscrew and ordinary wings.

Has anybody found out, or are there any statistics which throw light on, the relative merits of these arrangements? Or is the whole thing still a matter of personal opinion?

Which leads me back to the "scientists." They are clever at inventing nasty things like rockets and flying bombs and jet-driven torpedoes, but when it comes to the simple little personal aeroplane, they seem as ignorant as the rest of us.

Either they do not know or they do not care. But they are always protesting that they care. Perhaps the fact is that, just as it is easier and quicker to cut down a tree than to grow one, so it is *easier* for the scientific worker to be destructive and lethal than it is for him to be constructive.



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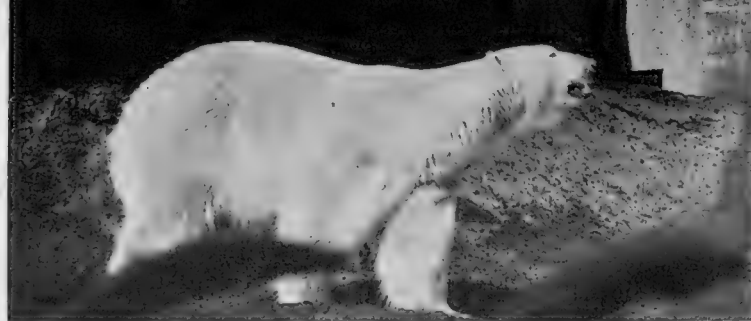


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"Keep Your Distance" growls Pavloff, the polar bear, and everybody hastens to do so, including the keepers. Pavloff's temper is a very uncertain quantity

Game Warden—talking ABOUT ANIMALS

BEARS are one of the most popular wild animals, but "never make a pet of one" is a maxim of all keepers who wish to live to a ripe old age. Unfortunately, behind a sumptuous coat and an expression of benign piousness lies an invisible menace, which becomes more obtrusive with advancing years. Practically every zoo in the world can record instances of bears "going bad" and turning on their keepers.

Figaro, the ordinary European brown bear, was born in Whipsnade Zoo and was one of the wild creatures who remained in Regent's Park during the war. The only effect the bombing had on him was to make him turn his head round in the direction of the "crump," otherwise he took little notice.

Minnie has the proud distinction of having been the mother of two litters of bear cubs, both born in the London Zoo. For a bear she is fairly well behaved and at least treats her keeper with respect.

Pavloff, the young polar bear born in Russia and sent by the Moscow Zoo to London, is a different type

altogether. His keepers regard him as "just a bad lad" and that is being very tolerant.

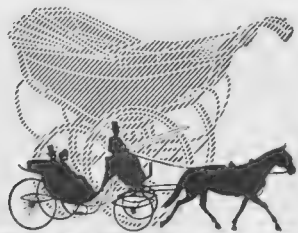
A polar bear was kept in the Tower of London in the time of Henry III. It was the first time that this animal was exhibited in England, and incidentally the people of London were taxed fourpence a day towards its keep!

Bears in captivity, being on the whole very intelligent creatures, quickly learn to cultivate tricks which will attract a steady stream of tit-bits.

Contrary to the general belief, bears enjoy the summer much more than they do the winter. In fact they dislike the cold. This in spite of the fact that in the winter their thick coats are at their best, and that in addition they have a heavy layer of fat underneath.

Less than 200 years ago a popular sport was bear-baiting with dogs in bear pits. In fact poor Bruin had to contribute largely to sports for "Merrie England." And even in more recent times many can remember the muzzled bear accompanied by a gipsy or foreigner making the creature dance to the tune of a hurdy-gurdy.

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Singing in "La Bohème"

Daria Bayan who takes the role of Mimi in the New London Opera Company's production at the Cambridge Theatre, was born in Leningrad and brought up in China. She went to school in Switzerland and came to London before the war to study singing under Dino Borgia. Mimi is her first leading rôle in grand opera. The Cambridge run of "La Bohème," which started on June 12, and is now nearing its hundredth performance, is believed to be a record for the opera



Alexander Bender

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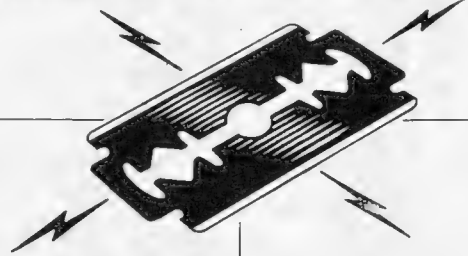
However sick you are of restrictions, it's still better to bottle up your feelings than to unbottle your Lembar. Keep it till someone in the family is genuinely sick: Lembar is made from pure lemon juice, glucose, barley and sugar, and it does make 'flu, biliousness or fevers a bit easier to bear.

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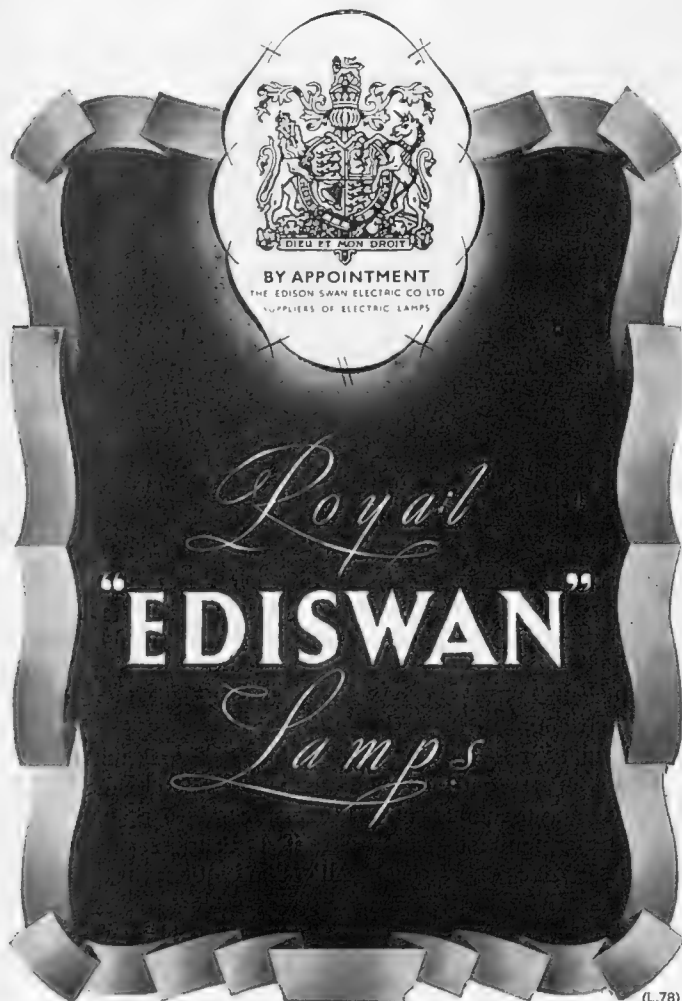


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	S.S.	S.M.	L.	E.L.
Standard or Sandblast . .	11/6	15/6	18/6	22/6
Ye Olde Wood	S.S.	S.M.	L.	E.L.
Selected Grains	16/6	21/-	24/6	28/6

Letters S.S., S.M., L., E.L., on each pipe indicate sizes—Small-Small, Small-Medium, Large and Extra-Large.

Index of sizes clearly marked on each stem.

Manufactured by
B. BARLING & SONS (Est. in London 1812)
"Makers of the World's Finest Pipes"

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FINO**



SHERRY

PRODUCE OF SPAIN

NOW OBTAINABLE IN
LIMITED SUPPLIES
ASK YOUR RETAILER



No headache under the bonnet

Headaches in a car generally lie under the bonnet, for there the engine lives. The way to prevent them goes back to the very beginnings of that engine, to the drawing board on which the engine was designed, plus the engineering, skill and inspection at every stage. There are hundreds of

inspectors at the Ford Works in Dagenham; that means a lot of inspecting. And if anything falters after that, there are Ford trained mechanics at all Ford Dealers. Our only headache at the moment is delivery, but please be patient. The cars are coming along—fast.

PREFECT 10 h.p. £275 (Plus £77.2.9 purchase tax)

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BEST TODAY ★ STILL BETTER TOMORROW

The Common Cold

—this may help you

If you are one of the millions who suffer from colds during the winter, Serocalcin may help you. We do not claim definitely that it will, nor do we pretend that it is infallible. But many thousands of regular users find in Serocalcin the means of successfully preventing and treating colds—and so may you.

Prevention of colds

Two Serocalcin tablets are taken daily for 30 days. In many cases this gives 3 to 4 months immunity from colds.

Treatment of an existing cold

Three tablets are taken three times daily. Commenced in the early stages of a cold this often clears up an attack in 3 or 4 days. Serocalcin is suitable for adults and children.

The immunising course of 60 Serocalcin tablets costs 8/5½d. Treatment pack of 20 tablets—3/4½d.

SEROCALCIN

Regd.
FOR THE PREVENTION & TREATMENT OF COLDS



Welcome Always -
Keep it Handy

GRANT'S

MORELLA

Cherry Brandy

Over 100 years' reputation for quality

A limited supply available

Burlingtons are the perfect alternative to imported Havanas.

Guaranteed made and rolled from the finest imported Havana and other world famous cigar leaf.



BURLINGTON CIGARS, 173, NEW BOND STREET, W. 1

a fine
Low mileage
ROLLS ROYCE
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Cars of character and ingrained quality can still be seen at our showrooms. Fine cars for INVESTMENT for those who know how to spend wisely.

CarMart Ltd

150 PARK LANE, W.1
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GRIGOR for
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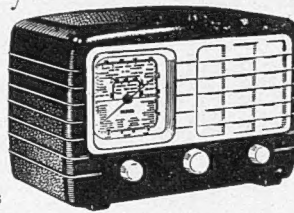
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OLD SCOTCH WHISKY
in original OLD FASHIONED
FLASK

Unsurpassed in quality although
restricted in distribution by scarcity
of old stocks

WILLIAM GRIGOR & SON
INVERNESS

Look... it's lovely!
Listen...
it's superb!

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Model T401 £15.0.0
Plus £3.4.6. purchase tax

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SOLO
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Now! Ask for **SOLO**
BITTER ORANGE MARMALADE
LIMITED SUPPLIES AVAILABLE

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In the blue and white tin, 2/-
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Tetley 1837
SENATOR
★ American Blend ★
PURE COFFEE
PER 3/- LB



JOSEPH TETLEY & CO. LTD., LONDON & NEW YORK

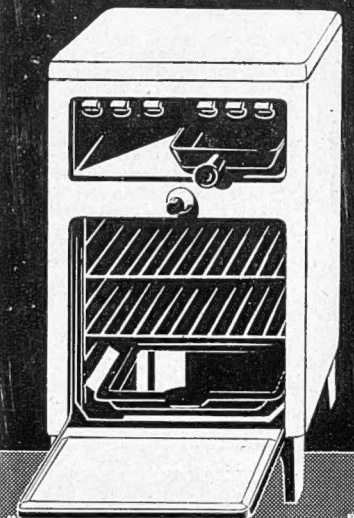
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trying to get

Sportex

— then your suit will be made of
Scotland's hardest wearing cloth

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FOR BETTER LIVING



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THE 'CLEAN LINE'
GAS COOKER WITH
THE EXCLUSIVE
PARKINSON
DROP DOOR

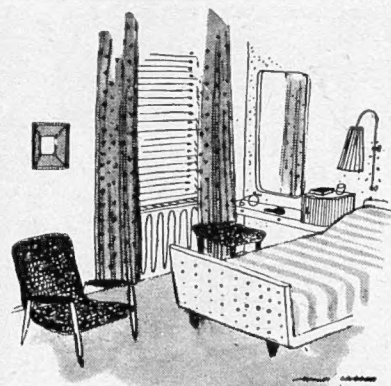
THE PARKINSON STOVE CO. LTD. BIRMINGHAM 9

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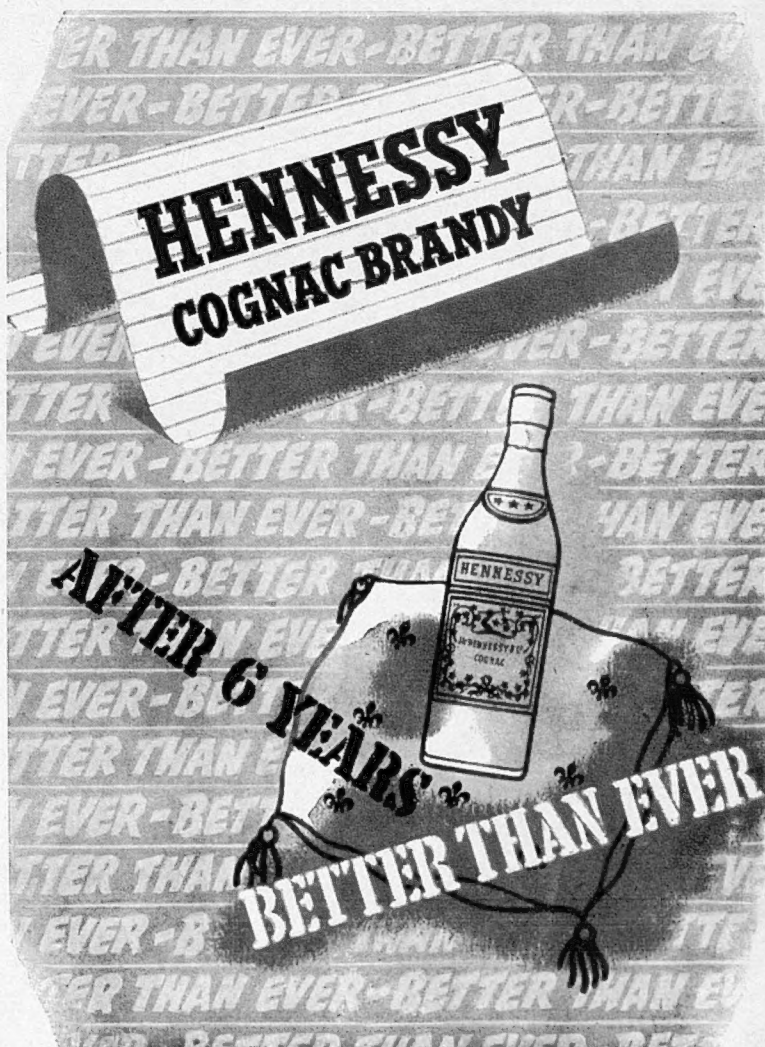
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